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HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE day after Paul's departure for London with his lawyer and his uncle, Mr. Gus left the Markham Arms. By a fatality Fairfax thought, he too was going away at the same time. He had gone up to Markham in the morning early for no particular reason. He said to himself that he wanted to see the house of which he had so strangely become an inmate for a little while, and then had been swept out of, most probably for ever. To think that he knew all those rooms as familiarly as if they belonged to him, and could wander about them in his imagination, and remember whereabouts the pictures hung on the walls, and how the patterns went in the carpet, and yet never had seen them a month ago, and never might see them again! It is a strange experience in a life when this happens, but not a very rare one. Sometimes the passer-by is made for a single evening, for an hour or two, the sharer of an existence which drops entirely into the darkness afterwards, and is never visible to him again. Fairfax asked himself somewhat sadly if this was how it was to be. He thought that he would never in his life forget one detail of those rooms, the very way the curtains hung, the covers on the tables: and yet they could never be anything to him except a picture in his memory, hanging suspended between the known and the unknown. The great door

was open as he had known it ("It is always open," he said to himself), and all the windows of the sitting-rooms, receiving the full air and sunshine into them. But up stairs the house was not yet open. Over some of the windows the curtains were drawn. Were they still sleeping, the two women who were in his thoughts? He cared much less in comparison for the rest of the family. Paul, indeed, being in trouble, had been much in his mind as he came up the avenue; but Paul had not been here when Fairfax had lived in the house, and did not enter into his recollections; and Paul he knew was away now. But the two ladies—Alice, whom he had been allowed to spend so many lingering hours with, whom he had told so much about himself—and Lady Markham, whom he had never ceased to wonder at; they had taken him into the very closest circle of their friendship; they had said "Go," and he had gone; or "Come," and he had always been ready to obey. And now was he to see no more of them for ever? Fairfax could not but feel very melancholy when this thought came into his mind. He came slowly up the avenue, looking at the old house. The old house he called it to himself, as people speak of the home they have loved for years. He would never forget it, though already perhaps they had forgotten him. His foot upon the gravel caught the ear of Mr. Brown, who came to

the door and looked out curiously. When things of a mysterious character are happening in a house the servants are always vigilant. Brown came down stairs early; he suffered no sound to pass unnoticed. And now he came out into the early sunshine, and looked about like a man determined to let nothing escape him. And the sight of Fairfax was a welcome sight, for was not he "mixed up" with the whole matter, and probably able to throw light upon some part of it, could he be got to speak?

"I hope I see you well, sir," said Mr. Brown. "This is a sad house, sir—not like what it was a little time ago. We have suffered a great affliction, sir, in the loss of Sir William."

"I am going away, Brown," said Fairfax. "I came up to ask for the ladies. Tell me what you can about them. How is Lady Markham? She must have felt it terribly, I fear."

"Yes, sir, and all that's happened since," said Brown. "A death, sir, is a thing we must all look forward to. That will happen from time to time, and nobody can say a word; but there's a deal happened since, Mr. Fairfax—and that do try my lady the worst of all."

Fairfax did not ask what had happened, which Mr. Brown very shrewdly took as conclusive that he knew all about it. He said half to himself, "I will leave a card, though that means nothing;" and then he mused long over the card, trying to put more than a message ever contained into the little space at his disposal. This was at last what he produced—

With

but always
at Lady
Markham's
service
to the end
of his life.

EDWARD FAIRFAX'S

most respectful and affectionate humble duty, his best wishes, his completest sympathy, only longing to be able to do anything, to be of any use. Going away
Trin: Coll. with a heavy heart,

When he had written this—and only when he had written it—it occurred to him how much better it would have been to have written a note, and then he hesitated whether to tear his card in pieces; but, on reflection, decided to let it go. He thought the crowded lines would discourage Brown from the attempt to decipher it.

"You will give them that, and tell them—but there is no need for telling them anything," Fairfax said with a sigh.

"You are going away, sir?"

"Yes, Brown"—he said, confidentially, "directly," feeling as if he could cry; and Brown felt for the poor young fellow. He thought over the matter for a moment, and reflected that if things were to go badly for the family, it would be a good thing for Miss Alice to have a good husband ready at hand. Various things had given Brown a high opinion of Fairfax. There were signs about him—which perhaps only a person of Mr. Brown's profession could fully appreciate—of something like wealth. Brown could scarcely have explained to any one the grounds on which he built this hypothesis, but all the same he entertained it with profound conviction. He eyed the card with great interest, meaning to peruse it by and by; and then he said—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think Miss Alice is just round the corner, with the young ladies and the young gentlemen. You won't mention, sir, as I said it—but I think you'll find them all there."

Fairfax was down the steps in a moment; but then paused:

"I wonder if it will be an intrusion," he said; then he made an abject and altogether inappropriate appeal, "Brown! do you think I may venture, Brown?"

"I would, sir, if I was you," said that personage with a secret chuckle, but the seriousness of his countenance never relaxed. He grinned as the young man darted away in the direc-

tion he had pointed out. Brown was not without sympathy for tender sentiments. And then he fell back upon those indications already referred to. A good husband was always a good thing, he said to himself.

And Fairfax skimmed as if on wings round the end of the wing to a bit of lawn which they were all fond of—where he had played with the boys and talked with Alice often before. When he got within sight of it, however, he skimmed the ground no longer. He began to get alarmed at his own temerity. The blackness of the group on the grass which he had seen only in their light summer dresses gave him a sensation of pain. He went forward very timidly, very doubtfully. Alice was standing with her back towards him, and it was only when he was quite near that she turned round. She gave a little startled cry—"Mr. Fairfax!" and smiled; then her eyes filled with tears. She held out one hand to him and covered her face with the other. The little girls, seeing this, began to cry too. For the moment it was their most prevailing habit. Fairfax took the outstretched hand into both his, and what could he do to show his sympathy but kiss it?—a sight which filled Bell and Marie with wonder, seeing it, as they saw the world in general, through that blurred medium of tears.

"I could not help coming," he said, "forgive me! just to look at the windows. I know them all by heart. I had no hope of so much happiness as to see—any one; but I could not—it was impossible to go away—without—"

Here they all thought he gave a little sob too, which said more than words, and went to their hearts.

"But, Mr. Fairfax," said Bell, "you were here before—"

"Yes; I could not go away. I always thought it possible that there might be some errand—something you would tell me to do. At all events I must have stayed for—"

The funeral he would have added.

He could not but feel that though Alice had given him her hand, there was a little hesitation about her.

"But, Mr. Fairfax," Bell began again, "you were staying at the inn with—the little gentleman. Don't you know he is our enemy now!"

"I don't think he is your enemy," Fairfax said—which was not at all what he meant to say.

"Hush, Bell, that was not what it was; only mamma thought—and I—that poor Paul was your friend and that you would not have put yourself—on the other side."

"I put myself on the other side!" cried the young man. "Oh, how little you know! I was going to offer to go out to that place myself to make sure, for it does not matter where I go. I am not of consequence to any one like Paul; but—"

"But—what?"

Alice half put out her hand to him again.

"You will not think this is putting myself on the other side. It all looks so dreadfully genuine," said Fairfax, sinking his voice.

Only Alice heard what he said. She was unreasonable, as girls are.

"In that case we will not say anything more on the subject, Mr. Fairfax; you cannot expect us to agree with you," she said. "Good-bye. I will tell mamma you have called."

She turned away from him as she spoke, then cast a glance at him from under her eyelids, angry yet relenting. They stood for a moment like the lovers in Molière, eying each other timidly, sadly—but there was no one to bring them together, to say the necessary word in the ear of each. Poor Fairfax uttered a sigh so big that it seemed to move the branches round. He said—

"Good-bye then, Miss Markham; won't you shake hands with me before I go?"

"Good-bye," said Alice faintly. She wanted to say something more, but what could she say? Another moment and he was gone altogether, hurrying down the avenue.

"Oh, how nasty you were to poor Mr. Fairfax," cried Bell. "And he was always so kind. Don't you remember, Marie, how he ran all the way in the rain to fetch the doctor! even George wouldn't go. He said he couldn't take a horse out, and was frightened of the thunder among the trees; but Mr. Fairfax only buttoned his coat and flew."

"The boys said," cried little Marie, "that they were sure he would win the mile—in a moment——"

"Oh, children," cried Alice, "what do you know about it? you will break my heart talking such nonsense—when there is so much trouble in the house. I am going in to mamma."

But things were not much better there, for she found Lady Markham with Fairfax's card in her hand, which she was reading with a great deal of emotion. "Put it away with the letters," Lady Markham said. They had kept all the letters which they received after Sir William's death by themselves in the old despatch-box which had always travelled with him wherever he went, and which now stood—with something of the same feeling which might have made them appropriate the greenest paddock to his favourite horse—in Lady Markham's room. Some of them were very "beautiful letters." They had been dreadful to receive morning by morning, but they were a kind of possession—an inheritance now.

"Put it with the letters," Lady Markham said; "any one could see that his very heart was in it. He knew your dear father's worth; he was capable of appreciating him; and he knows what a loss we have had. Poor boy—I will never forget his kindness—never as long as I live."

"But, mamma," said Alice, loyal still though her heart was melting, "you know you thought it very strange of Mr. Fairfax to take that horrid little man's part against Paul."

"I can't think he did anything of the sort," Lady Markham said, but she would not enter into the question.

It was not wonderful, however, if Alice was angry. She had sent him away because of the general family anger against him; and lo, nobody seemed to feel that anger except herself.

But it may be easily understood how Fairfax felt it a fatality when he found Gus's portmanteaux packed, and himself awaiting his return to go by the same train.

"Why should I stay here?" he said. "I did not come to England to stay in a village inn. I will go with you, and go to that lawyer, and get it all settled. Why should they make such a fuss about it? I mean no one any harm. Why can't they take to me and make me one of the family? except that I should be there instead of my poor father, I don't know what difference it need make."

"But that makes a considerable difference," said Fairfax. "You must perceive that."

"Of course it makes a difference; between father and son there is always a difference—but less with me than with most people. I do not want to marry, for instance. Most men marry when they come into their estates. There was once a girl in the island," said Gus, with a sigh; "but things were going badly, and she married a man in the Marines. No, if they will consent to consider me as one of the family—I like the children, and Alice seems a nice sort of girl, and my stepmother a respectable motherly woman——, eh?"

Some hostile sound escaped from Fairfax which made the little gentleman look up with great surprise. He had not a notion why his friend should object to what he said.

But the end was that the two did go to town together, and that it was Fairfax who directed this enemy of his friends' where to go, and how to manage his business. Gus was perfectly helpless, not knowing anything about London, and would have been as likely to settle himself in Fleet Street as in Piccadilly—perhaps more so. Fair-

fax could not get rid of his companion till he had put him in communication with the lawyer, and generally looked after all his affairs. For himself nothing could be more ill-omened. He went about asking himself what would the Markhams think of him?—and yet what could he do? Gus's mingled perplexity and excitement in town were amusing, but they were embarrassing too. He wanted to go and see the Tower and St. Paul's. He wanted Fairfax to tell him exactly what he ought to give to every cabman. He stood in the middle of the crowd in the streets folding his arms, and resisting the stream which would have carried him one way or the other.

"You call this a free country, and yet one cannot even walk as one likes," he said. "Why are these fellows jostling me; do they want to rob me?"

Fairfax did not know what to do with the burden thus thrown on his hands.

And it may be imagined what the young man's sensations were, when having just deposited Gus in the dining-room of one of the junior clubs, of which he was a member, he met Paul upon the steps of the building coming in. Paul was a member too. Fairfax was driven to his wits' end. The little gentleman was tired, and would not budge an inch until he had eaten his luncheon and refreshed himself. What was to be done? Paul was not too friendly even to himself.

"Are you here, too, Markham? I thought there was nobody in London but myself," Fairfax said.

"There are only a few millions for those who take them into account; but some people don't—"

"Oh, you know what I mean," Fairfax said. And then they stood and looked at each other. Paul was pale. His mourning gave him a formal look, not unlike his father. He had the air of some young official on duty, with a great deal of unusual care and responsibility upon him.

"You look as if you were the head of an office," said Fairfax, attempting a smile.

"It would not be a bad thing," said the other languidly; "but the tail would be more like it than the head. I must do something of that kind."

"Do you mean that you are going into public life?"

"That depends upon what *you* mean by public life," said Paul. "I am not, for instance, going into Parliament, though there were thoughts of that once; but I have got to work, my good fellow, though that may seem odd to you."

"To work!" Fairfax echoed with dismay; which dismay was not because of the work, but because the means of getting him out of the place, and out of risk of an encounter with Gus, became less and less every moment. Paul laughed with a forced and theatrical laugh. In short, he was altogether a little theatrical—his looks, his dress, everything about him. In the excess of his determination to bear his downfall like a man, he was playing with exaggerated honesty the part of a fallen gentleman and ruined heir.

"You think that very alarming then? but I assure you it depends altogether on how you look at it. My father worked incessantly, and it was his glory. If I work, not as a chief, but as an underling, it will not be a bit less honourable."

"Markham, can you suppose for a moment that I think it less honourable?" said Fairfax; "quite otherwise. But does it mean—? Stop, I must tell you something before I ask you any questions. That little beggar who calls himself your brother—"

"I believe he is my brother," said Paul, formally; and then he added with another laugh: "that is the noble development to which the house of Markham has come."

"He is there. Yes, in the dining-room, waiting for his luncheon. One moment, Markham!—we were at the inn in the village together, and he has

hung himself on to me. What could I do? he knew nothing about London; he is as helpless as a baby. And the ladies," said Fairfax, his countenance changing, "the ladies—take it as a sign that I am siding with him against you."

He felt a quiver come over his face like that of a boy who is complaining of ill-usage, and for the moment could scarcely subdue a rueful laugh at his own expense; but Paul laughed no more. He became more than ever like the head of an office, too young for his post, and solemnised by the weight of it. His face shaped itself into still more profound agreement with the solemnity of those black clothes.

"Pardon me, my good fellow," he said. Paul was not one of the men to whom this mode of address comes natural. There was again a theatrical heroism in his look. "Pardon me; but in such a matter as this I don't see what your siding could do for either one or the other. It is fact that is in question, nothing else."

And with a hasty good day he turned and went down the steps where they had been talking. Fairfax was left alone, and never man stood on the steps of a club and looked out upon the world and the passing cabs and passengers with feelings more entirely uncomfortable. He had not been unfaithful in a thought to his friend, but all the circumstances were against him. For a few minutes he stood and reflected what he should do. He could not go and sit down at table comfortably with the unconscious little man who had made the breach; and yet he could not throw him over. Finally he sent a message by one of the servants to tell Gus that he had been called unexpectedly away, and set off down the street at his quickest pace. He walked a long way before he stopped himself. He was anxious to make it impossible that he should meet either Gus again or Paul. Soon the streets began to close in. A dingier and darker part of London received him. He walked on, half in-

terested, half disgusted. How seldom, save perhaps in a hansom driven at full speed, had he ever traversed those streets leading one out of another, these labyrinths of poverty and toil. As he went on, thinking of many things that he had thought of lightly enough in his day, and which were suggested by the comparison between the region in which he now found himself and that which he had left—the inequalities and unlikeness of mankind, the strange difference of fate—his ear was suddenly caught by the sound of a familiar voice. Fairfax paused, half thinking that it was the muddle in his mind, caused by that association of ideas with the practical drama of existence in which he found himself involved, which suggested this voice to him; but looking round he suddenly found himself, as he went across one of the many narrow streets which crossed the central line of road, face to face with the burly form of Spears.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"You here, too," said the demagogue; "I thought this was a time when all you fine folks were enjoying yourselves, and London was left to the toilers and moilers."

"Am I one of the fine folks? I am afraid that proves how little you know of them, Spears."

"Well, I don't pretend to know much," said Spears. "Markham's here, too. And what is all this about Markham? I don't understand a word of it."

"What is about him?"

Fairfax was determined to breathe no word of Paul's altered circumstances to any one, sheltering himself under the fact that he himself knew nothing definite. The orator looked at him with a gaze which it was difficult to elude.

"I thought you had been with the family at that grand house of theirs? However! Paul was hot upon our emigration scheme, you know; he

would hear no reason on that subject. I warned him that it was not a thing for men like him, with soft hands and muscles unstrung; but he paid me no attention. There was another thing, I believe, a secondary motive," said Spears, with a wave of his hand, "a thing that never would have come into my head, which his mother found out—the kind of business that women do find out. Well! His father is dead, and I suppose he has come into the title and all that. But here's the rub. We are within a fortnight of our start, and never another word from Paul. What does he mean by it? has he been persuaded by the women? has he thrown us overboard and gone in for the old business of landlord and aristocrat? I have told him many a time it was in his blood; but never was there one more hot for better principles. Now look here, Fairfax, you're not the man to pretend ignorance. What do you know?"

"Nothing but that Sir William is dead."

"Sir William is dead, that means, long live Sir Paul: *lay roy est mort, veuve lay roy*," said Spears, with honest English pronunciation. "Yes, the papers would tell you that. If he's going to give it all up," he went on, a deep colour coming over his face, "I sha'n't be surprised. I don't say that I'll like it, but I sha'n't be surprised. A large property—and a title—may be a temptation: but in that case it's his duty to let us know. I suppose you and he see each other sometimes?"

"By chance we have met to-day."

"By chance? I thought you were always meeting. Well, what does he mean? I acknowledge," said Spears, with very conscious satire, "that a Sir Paul in our band will be an oddity. It wouldn't be much more wonderful if it was St. Paul," he added, with a laugh; "but one way or other I must know. And I don't mind confessing to you," he said, turning into the way by which Fairfax seemed to be walk-

ing, and suddenly striking him on the shoulder with an amicable but not slight blow, "that it will be a disappointment. I had rather committed the folly of setting my heart on that lad. He was the kind of thing, you know, that we mean in our class when we say a gentleman. There's you, now, you're a gentleman, too; but I make little account of you. You might just as well have been brought up in my shop or in trade. But there's something about Paul, mind you—that's where it is; he's got that grand air, and that hot-headed way. I hate social distinctions, but he's above them. The power of money is to me like a horrible monster, but he scorns it. Do you see what I mean? A man like me reasons it all out, and sees the harm of it, and the devilry of it, and it fires his blood. But Paul, he holds his head in the air, and treats it like the dirt below his feet. That's fine, that takes hold of the imagination. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, Fairfax," said Spears, giving him another friendly tap on the shoulder, "but you're just a careless fellow, one thing doesn't matter more than another to you."

"Quite true. I am not offended," said Fairfax, laughing. "You discriminate very well, Spears, as you always do."

"Yes, I suppose I have a knack that way," said the demagogue, simply. "I shouldn't wonder," he added, "though it is not a subject that a man can question his daughter about, that it was just the same thing that attracted my girl."

Fairfax turned round upon him with quick surprise; he had not heard anything about Janet. "What!" he said, "has Markham—" and then paused; for Spears, though indulgent to freedom of speech, was in this one point a dangerous person to meddle with. He turned round, with all the force of his rugged features and broad shoulders, and looked the questioner in the face.

"Yes," he said, "Markham has—

a fancy for my Janet. There is nothing very wonderful in that. His mother tried to persuade me that this was the entire cause of his devotion to my principles and me. But that is a way women have. They think nothing comparable to their own influence. He satisfied me as to that. Yes," said Spears, with a softened, meditative tone, "that is the secondary motive I spoke of; and, to tell the truth, when I heard of the old fellow's death I was sorry. I said to myself, the girl will never be able to resist the temptation of being 'my lady.'"

A smile began to creep about the corners of his mouth. For himself, it is very likely that Spears would have had virtue enough to carry out his own principles and resist all bribes of rank had they been thrown in his way; but he contemplated the possible elevation of his child with a tender sense of the wonderful, and the ludicrous, and incredible which melted all sterner feelings. The idea that Janet might be my lady filled him with a subdued pleasure and amusement, and a subtle pride which veiled itself in the humour of the notion. It made him smile in spite of himself. As for Fairfax, this had so completely taken his breath away that he seemed beyond the power of speech, and Spears went on musingly for a minute or two walking beside him, his active thoughts lulled by the fantastic pleasure of that vision, and the smile still lingered about his closely-shut lips. At last he started from the weakness of this reverie.

"There is to be a meeting to-night," he said, "down in one of these streets—and I'm going to give them an address. I've got the name of the street here in my pocket and the house and all that—if you like to come."

"Certainly I will come," said Fairfax with alacrity. He had not much to occupy his evenings, and he took a kind of careless speculative interest, not like Paul's impassioned adoption of the scheme and all its issues, in

Spears's political crusade. The demagogue patted him on the shoulders once more as he left him. He had always half-patronised, half stood in awe of Fairfax, whose careless humour sometimes threw a passing light of ridicule even on the cause. "If you see Markham, bring him along with you; and tell him I must understand what he means," he said.

But Fairfax did not see Paul again. He did not indeed put himself in the way of Paul, though his mind was full of him, for the rest of the day. Janet Spears was a new complication in Paul's way. The whole situation was dreary and hopeless enough. His position as head of the house and the family, his importance, his wealth, his power of influencing others, all taken from him in a day, and Spears's daughter—Janet Spears—hung round his neck like a millstone. Paul! of all men in the world to get into such a vulgar complication, Paul was about the last. And yet there could be no mistake about it. Fairfax, who honestly felt himself Paul's inferior in everything, heard this news with the wondering dismay of one whose own thoughts had taken a direction as much above him (he thought) as the other's was beneath him. With a painful flush of bewilderment, he thought of himself floated up into regions above himself into a different atmosphere, another world, by means of the woman who had been Paul's companion all his life, while Paul—— He had heard of such things; of men falling into the mire out of the purest places, of rebellions from the best to the worst. They were common enough. But that it should be *Paul!*

When evening came he took his way to the crowded quarter where he had met Spears, and to the meeting, which was held in a back room in an unsavoury street. It had begun to rain, the air was wet and warm, the streets muddy, the floor of the room black and stained with many footsteps. There was a number of men packed

together in a comparatively small space, which soon became almost insupportable with the flaring gas-lights, the odour from their damp clothes, and their breath. At one end of it were a few men seated round a table, Spears among them. Fairfax could only get in at the other end, and close to the door, which was the saving of him. He exercised politeness at a cheap cost by letting everybody who came penetrate further than he. Some of the men looked at him with suspicion. He had kept on his morning dress, but even that was very different from the clothes they wore. They were not very penetrating in respect to looks, and some of them thought him a policeman in plain clothes. This was not a comfortable notion among a number of hot-blooded men. Fairfax, however, soon became too much interested in the proceedings to observe the looks that were directed to himself. There was a good deal of commonplace business to be gone through first—small subscriptions to pay, some of which were weekly; little books to produce, with little sums marked; reports to be given in, on here and there a wavering member, a falling back into the world, a new convert. It looked to Fairfax at first like a parochial meeting about the little charities of the parish, the schools, and the alms-houses. Perhaps organisation of every kind has its inherent vulgarities. This movement felt grand, heroic, to the men engaged in it, how much above the curate and his pennies who could say; but it seemed inevitable that it should begin in the same way.

The walls were roughly plastered and washed with a dingy tone of colour. The men sat on benches which were very uncomfortable, and showed all the independent curves of backs which toil had not straightened, the rough heads and dingy clothes. Over all this the gas flickered, unmitigated even by the usual glass globe. There was a constant shuffling of feet, a murmur of

conversation, sometimes the joke of a privileged wit whispered about with earthquakes of suppressed laughter. For the men, on the whole, suppressed themselves with the sense of the dignity of a meeting and the expectation of Spears's address. "He's a fellow from the North, ain't he?" Fairfax heard one man say. "No, he's a miner fellow." "He's one of the cotton spinners." While another added authoritatively, "None of you know anything about it. It's Spears the delegate. He's been sent about all over the place. There's been some talk of sending him to Parliament." "Parliament! I put no faith in Parliament." "No more do I." "Nor I," the men said. "And yet," said the first speaker, "we've got no chance of getting our rights till they've got a lot like him there."

At this moment one of the men at the table rose, and there was instant silence. The lights flared, the rain rained outside with a persistent swish upon the pavement, the restless feet shuffled upon the floor, but otherwise there was not a sound to interrupt the stillness. This was somewhat tried, however, by the reading of a report, still very like a missionary report in a parish meeting. There was a good deal about an S. C. and an L. M. who had been led to think of higher principles of political morality by the action of the society, and who had now finally given in their adhesion. The meeting greeted the announcement of these new members by knocking with their boot-heels upon the floor. Then some one else got up and said that the prospects of the society were most hopeful, and that the conversion of L. C. and S. M. were only an earnest of what was to come. Soon the whole mass of the working classes, as already its highest intelligence, would be with them. The meeting again applauded this "highest intelligence." They felt it in themselves, and they liked the compliment. "Mr. Spears will now address the meeting," the last speaker said, and then this confused part of

the proceeding came to an end, and everything became clear again when Spears spoke.

And yet Fairfax thought, looking on, it was by no means clear what Spears wanted, or wished to persuade the others that they wanted. Very soon, however, he secured their attention which was one great point; the very feet got disciplined into quiet, and when a late member came down the long passage which led straight into this room, there was a universal murmur and hush as he bustled in. Spears stood up and looked round him, his powerful square shoulders and rugged face dominating the assembly. He took a kind of text for his address, "not from the Bible," he said, "which many of you think out of date," at which there was a murmur, chiefly of assent; "mind you," said the orator, "I don't; that's a subject on which I'm free to keep my private opinion; but the other book you'll allow is never out of date. It's from the sayings of a man that woke up out of the easy thoughts of a lad, the taking everything for granted as we all do one time or another, to find that he could take nothing for granted, that all about was false, horrible, mean, and *sham*. That was the worst of it all—*sham*. He found the mother that bore him was a false woman, and the girl he loved hid his enemy behind the door to listen to what he was saying, and his friends, the fellows he had played with, went off with him on a false errand, with letters to get him killed. 'There's something rotten,' says he, 'in this State of Denmark—' that was all the poor fellow could get out at first, 'something rotten;' ay, ay, Prince Hamlet, a deal that was rotten. We're not fond of princes, my friends," said Spears, stopping short with a gleam of humour in his face, "but Shakspeare lived a good few years ago, and hadn't found that out. We've made a great many discoveries since his day."

At this the feet applauded again, but there was a little doubtfulness upon

the faces of the audience who did not see what the speaker meant to be at.

"'There's something rotten in the state of Denmark' that's what he said. He didn't mean Denmark any more than I mean Clerkenwell. He meant this life he was living in, where the scum floated to the top, and nothing was what it seemed. That was Hamlet's quarrel with the world, and it's my quarrel, and yours, and every thinking man's. It was a grand idea, my friends to make a government, to have a king. Yes, wait a bit till I've finished my sentence. I tell you it was a noble idea," said the orator, raising his voice, and cowering into silence half a dozen violent contradictions, "to get hold of the best man and set him him up there to help them that couldn't help themselves, to make the strong merciful and the weak brave. That was an idea! I honour the man that invented it whoever he was; but I'd lay you all a fortune if I had it, I'd wager all I'm worth (which isn't much) that whoever the first king was, that was made after he had found out the notion, it wasn't he! And it was a failure, my lads," said Spears.

At this there was a tumult of applause. "I don't see anything to stamp about for my part," he said shaking his head. "That gives me no pleasure. It was a grand idea, but as sure as life they took the wrong man, and it was a failure. And it has always been a failure and always will be—so now there's nothing for it but to abolish kings—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in wild applause.

"But the worst is," continued the speaker, "that we've done that practically for a long time in England, and we're none the better. Instead of one bad king we've got Parliament, which is a heap of bad kings. Men that care no more for the people than I care for that fly. Men that will grind you, and tax you, and make merchandise of you, and neglect your interest and tread you down to the ground. Many is the cheat they've passed upon you. At

this moment you cheer me when I say down with the kings, but you look at one another and you raise your eyebrows when I say down with the parliament. You've got the suffrage and you think that's all right. The suffrage! what does the suffrage do for you? It's another sham, a little stronger than all the rest. They'll give more of you, and more of you, the suffrage, till they let in the women (I don't say a word against that. Some of the women have more sense than you have, and the rest you can always whop them) and the babies next for anything I can tell. And it will all be rotten, rotten, rotten to the core. And then a great cry will rise out of this poor country, and it will be Hamlet again," cried the orator, pouring out the full force of his great melodious voice from his broad chest—"Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

There was a feeble stamp or two upon the floor; but the audience, though curious and impressed, were not up to the level of the speaker, and did not know what to make of him. He saw this, and he changed his tone.

"I read the other day of the kind of parliament that was a real parliament of the people. Once every two months the whole population met in a great square; and there they were asked to choose the men that were to govern them. They voted all by word of mouth—no ballot tickets in those days—for there was not one of them that was afraid to give his opinion. They chose their men for two months, no more. They were men that were known to all the place, that had been known from their cradles; no strangers there, but men they could lay their hands on if they went wrong. It was for two months only, as I tell you, and then the parliament came together again, and the men they had chosen gave an account of what they had done. In my opinion—I don't know what you may think—that was as perfect a plan of government, and as true a rule of the

people as ever existed on this globe. Who is that grumbling behind there? If it is you, Paul Markham, stand up like a man and say what you've got to say."

There was a pause for a moment, and everybody looked round; but as no reply was made, the hearers drowned all attempts at opposition in a tumult of stamping feet and approving exclamations. "That was something like," they cried. And "Go on. Go on! Bravo, Spears!"

"Ah, yes. You say 'Bravo, Spears!' because I humour you. But that young fellow there at the back, I know what he meant to say. It was all rotten, rotten, rotten to the core; that peoples' parliament was the greatest humbug that ever was seen; it was the instrument of tyrants; it was the murderer of freedom; there was nothing too silly, nothing too wicked for it; its vote was a sham, and its wisdom was a sham. Ah! you don't cry 'Bravo, Spears!' any more. The reason of all this is that we never get hold of the right men. I don't know what there is in human nature that makes it so. I have studied it a deal, but I've never found that out. The scum gets uppermost, boils up and sticks on the top. That's my experience. The less honest a man is, the more sure he is to get up to the top. I don't speak of being born equal like some folks; but I think every man has a right to his share of the place he's born in—a right to have his portion wherever he is. One man with another, our wants are about the same. One eats a little more, one drinks a little more (and we all do more of that than is good for us), than the rest. But what we've got a right to is our share of what's going. Instead of great estates, great parks, grand palaces where those that call themselves our masters live and starve us, we have a right, every man, to enough of it to live on, to enough—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the clamour of the cheering. The

men rose up and shouted; they drowned his voice in the enthusiasm of their delight. Paul had come in behind after Spears began to speak. Though there had been in him a momentary movement of offence when he saw Fairfax, yet he had ended by remaining close to him, not seated, however, but leaning against the doorway in the sight of all. And it was likewise apparent in the sight of all that he was dressed, not like Fairfax in morning clothes, which offered a less visible contrast with the men surrounding him, but in evening dress, only partially covered by his light overcoat. He had come indeed to this assembly met to denounce all rights of the aristocrat, in the very livery of social superiority. Fairfax, who was anxious about the issue, could not understand what it meant. Paul's eyes were fixed upon Spears, and there was a half smile and air of something that might be taken for contempt on his face.

The applause went to the orator's head. He plunged into violent illustrations of his theory, by the common instances of riot, impurity, extravagance, debt, and general wickedness which were to be found in what were called the higher classes. Perhaps Spears himself was aware that his arguments would not bear a very close examination: and the face of his disciple there before him, the face which had hitherto glowed with acquiescence, flushed with indignation, answered every appeal he made, but which was now set, pale, and impassive, without any response at all, with indeed an evident determination to withstand him—filled him with a curious passion. He could not understand it, and he could not endure to see Paul standing there, Paul, his son in the faith, his disciple of whom he was unconsciously more proud than of all the other converts he had made, with that air of contradiction and defiance. The applause excited him, and this tacit opposition excited him still more. Fairfax had produced no such effect

upon the demagogue; he had been but a half believer at the best, a critic more interested than convinced. He was one of those whom other men can permit to look on, from whom they can accept sympathy without concurrence, and tolerate dissent. But with Paul the case was very different. Every glance at him inflamed the mind of Spears. Was it possible (the idea flashed across his mind in full torrent of his speech) that this beloved disciple was lost to him? He would not believe it, he would not permit it to be; and with this impulse he flung forth his burning accusations, piled up shame and scandal upon the heads of aristocrats, represented them as standing in the way of every good undertaking, of treading down the poor on every side, of riding roughshod everywhere over liberties and charities alike, robbers of their brethren, destroyers of their fellow-creatures. And as every burning period poured forth, the noise, the enthusiasm became indescribable. The men who listened were no more murderous rebels than English landlords and millionaires are sanguinary oppressors, but they shouted and stamped, and rent their throats with applause, all the more that they were well acquainted with these arguments. Hamlet and "the cursed spite" of his position were of doubtful interest; but here was something which they understood. Thus they went on together, mutually exciting each other, the speaker and the listeners—until suddenly in the midst of the hubbub, a strange note, a new voice, struck in, and caught them all in full uproar.

"What's that?" cried Spears, with the quick hearing of offended affection. "You behind there—some one spoke."

The men all turned round—the entire assembly—to see what the interruption was. Then they saw, leaning carelessly against the wall, his grey overcoat open, showing the expanse of fine linen, the silk lapels of the evening coat in which Paul

had chosen to array himself, the young aristocrat, looking his part to the fullest perfection, with scorn on his face, and proud indifference, careless of them and their opinions. The mere sight of him brought an impulse of fierce hostility.

"I said, that's not so," said Paul, distinctly, throwing his defiance over all their heads at his old instructor. Spears was almost beside himself with pain and passion.

"Do you give me the lie," he said, "to my face—you, Paul? Oh, you shall have your title—that's the meaning of the change! you, Sir Paul Markham, baronet,—Do you give me the lie?"

"If you like to take it so, Spears. You know as well as I do that men are not monsters like that in one rank and heroes in another. Title or no title, that's the truth, and you know it—whatever those men that take in everything you are saying may think. You know that's not so."

The excited listeners saw Spears grow pale and wince. Then he shouted out with an excited voice—

"And that's a lie whoever said it. I! say one thing and mean another! The time has been when a man that said that to me would have rued it. He would have rued it——"

"And he shall rue it!" said a voice in the crowd. The people turned round with a common impulse. Fairfax, when he saw what was coming, had risen too, and thrown himself in front of Paul. He was not so tall a man, and Paul's dark hair towered over his light locks. He tried to push him out into the narrow-flagged passage, and called to him to go—to go! But Paul's blood was up; he stood and faced them all, holding his arm before him in defence against the raised fists and threatening looks. "I'm one against a hundred," he said, perfectly calm. "You can do what you please. I will not give in, whatever you do. I tell you what Spears says is not true."

And then the uproar got up again and raged round them. There was a hesitation about striking the first blow.

Nobody liked to begin the onslaught upon one single man, or a man with but one supporter. Fairfax got his arm into his, and did his best to push and drag him away into the paved passage. But it was not till Spears himself, breaking through the angry crowd, gave him a thrust with his powerful arm that he yielded. What might have happened even then Fairfax did not know; for the passage was narrow, and the two or three people hanging about the door sufficed to make another angry crowd in their way. While, however, he was pushing his way along by the wall, doing all he could to impel before him Paul's reluctant figure, a door suddenly opened behind them, a light flashed out, and some one called to them to come in. Paul stumbled backwards, fortunately, over the step, and was thus got at a disadvantage; and in two minutes more Fairfax had struggled in, bringing his companion with him. The place into which they were admitted was a narrow passage, quite dark—and the contrast from the noise and crowd without to this silence bewildered the young men. Even then, however, the voice of Spears reached them over the murmur of the crowd.

"There's a specimen for you!" cried the orator, with a harsh laugh. "The scum come uppermost! What did I tell you? that, take what pains you like, you never get the right man. I loved that lad like my son; and all I said was gospel to him. But he has come into his title, he has come into the land he swore he never would take from the people, and there's the end. Would you like a better proof of what I said? Oh, rotten, rotten, rotten to the core!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THEY were in a small, dingy room, lighted with one feeble candle—still within hearing of the tumult close by. Paul had twisted his foot in the stumble, which was the only thing that had saved him from a scuffle and possible fight. He was paler than

before with the pain. He had put his foot up upon a chair at Fairfax's entreaty, who feared a sprain; but himself, in his excitement, did not seem to feel it.

"My title and my lands!" he said, with a laugh which was more bitter than that of Spears. "You heard him, Fairfax. I've come into my property; that is what has caused this change in my opinions."

"Never mind, the man's a fool," said Fairfax, angrily.

"He is not a fool," said Paul, "but it shows how well you can judge a man when you do not know his circumstances."

Fairfax, however, it must be owned, was as much puzzled as Spears. What was it that had caused the change? It was not much more than a month since Paul's devotion to Spears and his scheme had kept him from his father's death-bed. He had been intent then on giving up his whole life to the creed which this evening he had publicly contradicted in the face of its excited supporters. Fairfax could not make out what it meant any more than the deserted demagogue could. If Paul, indeed, had reached the high top-gallant of his fortunes—if he had held the control of a large property in his hands—a position like that of a prince—there might have been reason in such a change of faith. Though it gave a certain foundation for Spears's bitter sneer, yet there was reason in it. A young man might very well be justified in abandoning the society of revolutionaries, when he himself entered the ranks of those who are responsible for the safety of the country, and have a great deal to lose. But he did not understand Paul's position now, and a change so singular bewildered him. It was not, however, either necessary or expedient to enter into that question; and he addressed himself with more satisfaction to rubbing the injured ankle. He had asked the woman who admitted them, and who was in great terror of "the meeting," to get a cab,

but had been answered that she dared not leave the house, and that they must not think of leaving the house till all was over in the "Hall." It was not a cheerful prospect. To his surprise, however, Paul showed less impatience than he did. He was full of the place and the discussion they had just left.

"He is no fool," Paul said, "that is the most wonderful of all. A man may go on telling a pack of lies for years, and yet be as true in himself as all the rest is false. I understand your looks, Fairfax. You think I have gone as far as most men."

"Keep your foot still, my good fellow," was all Fairfax said.

"That is all very well; you want an explanation of my conduct," said Paul. "You want to know what this inconsistency means; for it is inconsistency. Well, then, there's just this, that I don't mean to tell. I am as free as another man to form my own opinions, I hope."

"Hark! they're cheering again," said Fairfax. "What fellows they are to cheer! He has got them into a good humour. They looked savage enough half-an-hour ago. It's a little absurd, isn't it, that you and I, Paul, who have been considered very advanced in our political opinions should be in a kind of hiding here?"

"Hiding! I will go back at once and make my profession of faith," cried Paul; but when he sprang up to carry out his intention the pain in his foot overpowered him. "Have I sprained it, do you think?—that is an affair of four or five weeks," he said, with a look of dismay.

After this very little passed. They sat on each side of the little deal-table with the coarse candle sputtering between them, and listened to the hoarse sounds of the voices, the tumultuous applause on the other side of the wall. This was still going on, though in subdued tones, when the door suddenly opened. It was not easy at first to see who had come in, till Spears's face appeared over the flickering light. It was angry and

dark, and overclouded with something like shame.

"I am glad you are here still, you two," he said in subdued tones.

Neither of the young men spoke. At last Fairfax, who was not the one on whom his eyes were bent, said—

"We were waiting till the meeting was over. Till then, it appears, we can't have a cab sent for. Markham has hurt his foot."

"Good Lord! How did he do that?" Spears came round and looked at it where it lay supported on the chair. He looked as if he would have liked to stroke and pet the injured limb like a child. "I hope it was none of those fellows with their pushing and stupid folly," he said.

"It was not done by any refinement of politeness, certainly."

These were the first words Paul had said, and they were uttered with the same half-mocking smile.

"They're rough fellows, that's the truth," said Spears; "and they have an idiot for a guide," he went on in a low voice. "Look here, Paul, you aggravated me with those grand looks of yours, and that sneer. You know as well as I do what puts me out. When it's a fellow I care for I can't stand it. All the asses in Rotten Row might come and haw-haw at me and I shouldn't mind; but you! that are a kind of child of my soul, Paul!"

"I hope your other children will get more mercy from you, then," said Paul, without looking at him. "You have not had much for me, Spears."

"I, lad? What have I ever done but cherish you as if you were my own! I have been as proud of you—! All your fine ways that I've jibed about have been a pleasure to me all the time. It went to my heart to think that you, the finest aristocrat of all the lot, were following old Spears for love of a principle. I said to myself, abuse them as we like, there's stuff in these old races—there's something in that blue blood. I don't deny it before you two, that may laugh at me as you please. I that have just been telling all those lads that it's the

scum that comes uppermost (and believe it too). I that have sworn an eternal war against the principle of unequal rank and accumulation of property—"

Spears paused. There was nothing ludicrous to him in the idea of this eternal war, waged by a nameless stump-orator against all the kingdoms of the world and the power of them. He was too much in earnest to be conscious of any absurdity. He was as serious in his crusade as if he had been a conqueror with life and death in his hands, and his voice trembled with the reality of this confession: which he was going to make.

"Well!" he said, "I, of whom you know all this as well as I do myself, I've been proud of your birth and your breeding, Paul, because it was all the grander of you to forget them for the cause. I've dwelt on these things in my mind. I've said, there's the flower of them all, and he's following after me! Look here! you're not going to take it so dreadfully amiss if, after not hearing a word from you, after not knowing what you were going to do, seeing you suddenly opposite to me with your most aggravating look (and you can put on an aggravating look when you like, you know you can, and drive me wild," Spears said with a deprecating, tender smile, putting his hand caressingly on the back of Paul's chair)—"if I let out a bitter word, a lash of ill-temper against my will, you are not going to make that a quarrel between you and me."

The man's large mobile features were working, his eyes shining out under their heavy brows. The generous soul in him was moved to its depth. He had, being "wild," as he said, with sudden passion, accused Paul of having yielded to the seductions of his new rank—but in his heart he did not believe the accusation he had made. He trusted his young disciple with all the doting confidence of a woman! Of a woman! his daughter Janet, though she was a woman, and a young one, had no such enthusiasm of trust in her being. She would have scorned his weakness had she been by—very differ-

ently would Janet have dealt with a hesitating lover. But the demagogue had enthroned in his soul an ideal to which, perhaps, his very tenderest affections, the deepest sentiments he was capable of, had clung. He had fallen for the moment into that madness which works in the brain when we are wroth with those we love. And he did not know now how to make sufficient amends for it, how to open wide enough that window into his heart which showed the quivering and longing within. But he had said for the moment all he could say.

And for a time there was silence in the little room. Fairfax, who understood him, turned away, and began to stare at a rude-coloured print on the wall in order to leave the others alone. He would himself have held out his hand before half this self-revelation had been made, and perhaps Spears would have but lightly appreciated that naïve response. But Paul was by no means ready to yield. He kept silence for what seemed to the interested spectator ten minutes at least. Then he said, slowly—

"I think it would be wise to inquire into the facts of the case before permitting yourself to use such language, Spears—even if you had not roused your rabble against me."

He said these strident words in the most forcible way, making the *r's* roll.

"Rabble?" Spears repeated, with a tone of dismay; but his patience was not exhausted nor his penitence. "I know," he said, "it was wrong. I don't excuse myself. I behaved like a fool, and it costs a man like me something to say that. Paul—come! why should we quarrel? Let by-gones be by-gones. They should have torn me to pieces before they had laid a finger on you."

"A good many of them would have smarted for it if they had laid a finger on me," said Paul. "That I promise you."

Spears laughed; his mind was relieved. He gave his vigorous person a shake and was himself again.

"Well, that is all over," he said. "It will be a lesson to me. I am a confounded fool at bottom after all. Whatever mental advantages you may have, that's what the best of us have to come to. My blood gets hot, and I lose my head. There's a few extenuating circumstances though. Have you forgotten, Paul, that we were to sail in October, and it's the 20th of September now? Not a word have I heard from you since you left Oxford, three weeks ago. What was I to think? I know what's happened in the meantime; and I don't say," said Spears, slowly, "that if you were to throw us overboard at the last moment, it would be a thing without justification. I told you at the time you would be more wise to let us alone. But you never had an old head on young shoulders. A generous heart never counts the cost in that way; still— And the time, my dear fellow, is drawing very near."

"I may as well tell you," said Paul, tersely, "I am not going with you, Spears."

The man sat firm in his chair as if he had received a blow, leaning back a little, pressing himself against the woodwork.

"Well!" he said, and kept upon his face a curious smile—the smile, and the effort alike, showing how deeply the stroke had penetrated. "Well!" he repeated, "now that I know everything—now you have told me—I don't know that I have a word to say."

Paul said nothing, and for another minute there was again perfect silence. Then Spears resumed—

"I thought as much," he said. "I have always thought it since the day you went away. A man understands that sort of thing by instinct. Well! it's a disappointment, I don't deny; but no doubt," said Spears, with a suppressed tone of satire in his voice, "though I've no experience of the duties of a rich baronet, nor the things it lays upon you, no doubt there's plenty to do in that avocation; and looking after property requires work. There's a thousand

things that it must now seem more necessary to do than to start away across the Atlantic with a set of visionaries. I told you so at the beginning, Paul—or Sir Paul, I suppose I ought to say; but titles are not much in my way," he added, with a smile, "as you know."

"You may save yourself the trouble of titles here, for I am not Sir Paul, nor have I anything in the way of property to look after that will give me much trouble. It appears—" said Paul, with a smile that was very like that of Spears, which sat on his lips like a grimace, "it appears that I have an elder brother who is kind enough to relieve me from all inconvenience of that sort."

Spears turned to Fairfax with a look of consternation, as if appealing to him to guarantee the sanity of his friend.

"What does he mean!" he cried, bewildered.

"We need not go into all the question," said Paul. "Fairfax, haven't they got that cab yet? My foot's better—I can walk to the door, and these gentlemen seem to be dispersing. We need not enter into explanations. I'm not a rich baronet, that is about all. The scum has not come uppermost this time. You see you made a mistake in your estimate of my motives."

This time he laughed that harsh, bitter, metallic laugh which is one of the signs of nervous passion. He had such a superiority over his assailant as nothing else could have given him. And as for Spears, shame, and wonder, and distress, struck him dumb. He gasped for breath.

"My God!" he said; "and I to fall upon you for what had never happened, and taunt you with wealth when you were poor. Poor! are you actually poor, Paul?"

"What is the use of searching into it? the facts are as I have told you. I sha'n't starve," said the young man, holding his head high.

Spears looked at him with a mixture of grief and satisfaction, and held out a large hand.

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"Never mind," he said, his face melting and working, and a smile of a very different character gleaming over it, "you would have been out of place with us if you had been Sir Paul; but come now, my lad, come now! It's not money we want, but men. Come with us, you'll be as welcome as the sunshine, though you have not a penny. For a rich man, I could see myself the incongruity; but for a poor man, what could be better than a new country and a fair field. Come! don't bear malice for a few hasty words that were repented of as soon as they were said. I would have scorned to say a word had you been kept back by your new grandeur. But now that you're disinherited—why, Paul, come—Australia is the place for such as you. Young and strong, with a good heart, and all the world before you! Why, there's a new country for you to get hold of, to govern, if you like. Come! I'll not oppose any dignity you may gain out there; and I tell you, you'll have the ball at your foot, and the whole world before you! Come with us, I ask this time as a favour, Paul."

He had held out his hand with some wavering and doubt, though with enthusiasm. But gradually a curious expression of wonder came to his face; his hand dropped at his side. Paul made no motion towards taking it; the demagogue thought it was resentment. A flush of vivid colour came over him. "Come, this is a little too much for old friends," he said, getting up hastily from his chair, with a thrill of wounded feeling in his voice.

"Don't wrong him, Spears," said Fairfax. "He has had a great deal to bother him, and his foot is bad. You can meet another time and settle that. At present, let us get him out of this place. If he is angry, he has a right to be; but never mind that now. Let us get him out of here."

Spears did not say another word. He stalked away into the house to which this room belonged, and the "hall" beyond it. It was a little

tavern of the lower class in which he was living. By and by the woman came to say there was a cab at the door. And Paul limped out, leaning on Fairfax.

All was quiet outside, the meeting dispersed; only one or two men sitting in the room down stairs, who cast a curious look upon the two young men, but took no further notice. As for Spears, he did not appear at all. He was lurking behind, his heart wrung with various feelings, but too much wounded, too much disappointed, too sore and sad to show himself. If Paul had seemed to require help, the rejected prophet was lingering in the hope of offering it; but nothing of the kind seemed the case. He limped out holding Fairfax's arm. He did not even look round him as the other did, or show any signs of a wish to see his former friend. Spears had not got through the world up to this time without mortification; but he had never suffered so acutely as now.

"Poor Spears," Fairfax contrived to say, as they jolted along, leaving the mean and monotonous streets behind them. "I think you might have taken his hand."

"Pshaw!" said Paul, "I am tired to death of all that. I don't mean to say he is not honest—far more honest than most of them—but what is the meaning of all that clap-trap? Why, Spears ought to know as well as any man what folly it is. Bosh!" said the young man with an expression of disgust. The milder spectator beside him looked at him with unfeigned surprise.

"I thought you went as far as he did, Markham. I thought you were out and out in your principles, accepting no compromise: I thought——"

"You thought I was a fool," said Paul, bitterly, "and you were right enough, if that is any satisfaction to you; but I had a lesson or two before my poor father's death—and more since. Don't let us speak of it. When a man has made an ass of himself,

it is no pleasure to him to dwell upon it. And I am not free yet, nor I don't know when I shall be," he cried, with an irrepressible desire for sympathy? then closed his mouth as if he had shut a book, and said no more.

Thus they went jolting and creaking over the wet pavements all gleaming with muddy reflections. London was grim and dismal under that autumn rain, no flashing of carriages about, or gleams of toilette, or signs of the great world which does its work under the guise of pleasure; only a theatre now and then in a glare of gas with idle people hanging about, keeping themselves dry under the porch; and afterward the great vacant rooms at the clubs with a vague figure scattered here and there, belated "men," or waiters at their ease; the foot-passengers hurrying along under umbrellas, the cabs all splashed with mud, weary wayfarers and muddy streets. There was scarcely a word exchanged between them as they went along.

"Where are you living?" said Fairfax at last.

"The house is shut up," said Paul, giving the name of his hotel.

"But my place is not. Will you come with me and have your foot looked to? I wish you would come, Markham. There are heaps of things I want to say to you, and to ask you——"

Paul was in so fantastic and unreasonable a condition of mind, that these last words were all that was necessary to alter his decision. He had thought he would go—why not?—and escape a little from all the contradictions in his own mind by means of his friend's company. But the thought of having to answer questions made an end of that impulse of confidence. He had himself taken to the hotel instead, where, he said to himself with forlorn pride, at least there was nobody to insist upon any account of his thoughts or doings, where he should be unmolested by reason of being alone.

To be continued.

ANNIE KEARY.

IN these days of literary abounding, it is as much as we can do to seize the characteristics of even the most prominent authors before they are pushed aside by new comers; and the more retiring members of the profession of letters are of necessity rarely accorded more than the disjointed preoccupied attention which a person of little consequence gets in society when there are great people in the room. We have seldom a chance of giving ourselves up to a thorough study of even a leader in authorship, and are forced to let the lesser lights pass by almost unnoticed. We read the books of the day, but do not trouble ourselves to study the writings of an author as a whole, or to attempt to grasp the character which inspired them. Yet the "little masters" of literature have a real value as well as the great masters. The historical importance which attaches to careful portraits of men and manners is not wholly engrossed by the foremost rank of novelists. There are quiet corners of life, untouched by the fastidious hand of genius, which are worth painting, and the student in after days who tries to obtain a complete panorama of the life of to-day will not be able to dispense with the unassuming work of the writers who never reached the summit of literary fame. And apart from the value of this class of composition, there is a certain charm about it to those whose palates have been burnt by a too pungent fare. "Lilies and languors," after all, have their due season; and a pleasant restful feeling comes over us when we turn from the coarse colouring of some modern lady novelists, who have won a high place in the favour of the multitude, to the softened pictures of less famous but more womanly writers. There are

times, and they come not seldom, when we pass with relief from French painting to the Dutch, from the "Indian Durbar" to a quiet bit of *genre*, from Lytton to Miss Austen, or shall we say, from the modern "slang" lady novelist to Miss Keary.

There is probably no literary adventure which involves more danger and difficulty than the criticism of novels. It is easy enough to make up our minds whether we like them, but it is quite another matter to attempt to systematise our judgments, and assign to each writer his due place in relation to the rest. As the field of novel writing is co-extensive with all life, the characteristics of novels and their writers are as diverse as the varying natures of men. To compare a novel of one class with one of a different class is generally time thrown away. Thackeray and Dickens, Scott and George Eliot, Victor Hugo and Cherbuliez, are beyond the just limits of comparison, and it is useless to try to fix their relative positions; we can only decide which gives us most pleasure. The difficulty increases when less strongly marked characteristics have to be discussed, and a scale of merit among the lesser novelists is inconstructible. I am not venturesome enough to attempt anything of the kind in the case of Miss Keary. It is sufficient to point out the class of novelists to which she belongs, without seeking to determine precisely the place she occupies in it with relation to the rest.

Annie Keary was a writer of what are called "domestic" novels. Ever since the mistress of this kind of literature, Miss Austen, published her delightful pictures of the common every-day life of ordinary people, the taste for the domestic novel has been

constantly on the increase among the more thoughtful portion of the novel-reading world. George Eliot, in one of the most perfect of her books, has put forth an eloquent plea for the art which consists in the faithful portraiture of common things, and which prefers to draw the people we meet in ordinary life, despite their crooked noses, unromantic theories, and inconsistent conduct, instead of creating an ideal world of men and women, whose unvarying perfections and consistent excellence exist only in the writer's fancy. It is much easier, as she says, to draw people as we would have them be than as they are. But without the argument of so eminent a leader in the art of domestic description, the general opinion of novel readers has long been tending towards a juster appreciation of this subdued class of literature. The taste for novels of action and mystery is seldom long-lived, and it is scarcely after first youth that the intricacies of *The Moonstone* or the excitement of *The King's Own* are fully enjoyed. The more fiction one reads, the more the need of truth is felt; and the longer we live among the problems and difficulties of life, the stronger grows the desire to have them put before us and worked out in the sober delineation of character. However weary one may be of the quotation, "the proper study of mankind is man," it is impossible to help feeling its truth with increasing force. Why is it that the conversation of an egotistic person (if we do not know him too well) is more interesting than the clever generalities of society talk or the studied effects of the professed story-teller? Because every one, save the narrow dullard who has no outlook beyond his daily grind at the money-wheel, has a genuine desire to see into the souls of other men. The study of character is admittedly the most fascinating of all studies, and one which everybody, consciously or not, practises; and the more it is followed and its many-sided interests seen, the better are appreciated the

worth and charm of the domestic novel. Our own experience is not enough; the people we meet do not present sufficient variety; we need a wider induction; and so we turn with eager expectation to the experience of others—to the careful studies of character which the novelist of the sober type provides—to glean fresh knowledge of our fellow men and women.

As the writer of the domestic novel cannot, by the rules of the art, create what is not natural, what he has not himself observed, it follows that a great determining element in the worth of a novel of this kind, apart from the genius of intuition and power of observation possessed by the author, is the nature of the society in which he lives. Many domestic novels fail simply because the experience of the writer is not sufficiently extended and varied. There is no class of literature more capable of dulness; and it is of the utmost consequence that the writer who attempts it should possess a wider experience than our own, else we learn nothing. But the defect of a too limited range of study is often counterbalanced by the author's power of intuition. A character that seems uninteresting or incomprehensible to us is often seen quite otherwise by a different and more practised eye; and what seems commonplace to our study may become a source of fruitful instruction in life in the hands of a more skilled observer. And so, after all, it is rather the genius of the author, as interpreter, than the apparent charm or peculiarity of the characters, that is of most moment in the domestic novel.

That Miss Keary possessed in a high degree this gift of interpreting character cannot be doubted by any one who has enjoyed her singularly life-like portraits. She has a fine power of observation; no detail of the everyday life of the people among whom she lived seems to have escaped her; and she had not only the faculty of seeing through all these details, through trifling actions and words, the true

character that prompted them, but she knew how to convey the impression of the character by the plain record of the details. Her earlier novels—*Through the Shadows*, *Janet's Home*, *Clemency Franklyn*, and *Oldbury*—are, so to say, photographic portraits of certain groups of characters. In *Janet's Home* and *Oldbury*, which are infinitely superior to the other two, we have several faithful pictures of London and country middle-class life, and in these the qualities just described are conspicuous. The home of Janet is brought before us with a reality which makes us feel that we have been there and joined in its unobtrusive life. The family group is drawn with the fidelity that can only come from patient and minute study of character, and yet with the simplicity which is the rare triumph of true art-concealing art. A few characteristic details are made to serve the purpose of the abstruse psychological analyses which are intruding themselves by degrees into the domestic novel. In the description of the evenings in Janet's home, when the father is preparing his lectures in the midst of the family circle because there is no fire in his own den, a slight touch here and there lets us into the little discomforts of the various members of the circle. Dr. Scott's pathetic inquiry if it would be possible for Janet to procure some needles that did not click quite so loudly, and his occasional useless remonstrance to his fussy wife on her habit of smoothing out crinkly paper with a peculiarly irritating sound whilst he was at work, and Mrs. Scott's invariable revival of the habit next day; the constrained conspirator-like feeling of the children which prompted the pet boy Charlie to lay every trap for the rest of the family to produce the much desired interruption of the dreadful silence; and Janet's typical, elderly-sisterly anxiety as she watches with a sort of absorbed fascination the approach of the catastrophe which will make her father get up from his chair with a

resigned look, pick up his books, and march off to peaceful solitude in his cold study,—are so many glimpses into character; and we gather from details like these, selected with the skill of a practised observer, the whole tenor of the family life. Throughout the book the characters are more and more clearly defined by their smallest actions; it is nowhere explained that Janet or Nesta were of such and such a nature, but some little act or word is recorded which at once lets us into the secret. Janet is a singularly happy portrait of one of those daughters who are the prop of a shaken house. In her rare weakness, as in her usual firm sense, she is consistently natural—or naturally inconsistent. Her father, again, is a fine specimen of the hard-worked schoolmaster, who keeps his harness on to the last. Nesta and Shafto Carr are scarcely so individual, and Lady Helen, the evil genius of the story, is perhaps a little too much of a fancy sketch, though there are fine touches on her canvas.

The defect of the book is its framework, which is hardly elaborate enough. It is true that the force of the domestic novel lies in the fidelity of its character-drawing; but to make the study of these characters interesting, they must not be exhibited in their nakedness, but need a certain clothing of romance or scenery. The recovery of the Morfa estate is introduced rather after the *deus ex machina* fashion; and beyond this and the complications produced by Lady Helen in the love affairs of all her friends and neighbours, there is no plot. Certainly the plain people of common life, whom, rather than the brilliant exceptions, it is the province of the domestic novel to portray, have, as a rule, very little of what can be called "plot" in their lives; nevertheless, the necessities of novel writing exact some setting which, without interfering with the faithfulness of the picture, shall add to its beauty. You must paint the face truthfully, but you need not put the ugly wall of your studio for its back-

ground. *Janet's Home* lacks the charm of situation, which adds so greatly to the pleasure of novel-reading, and it must be regarded as an unframed picture or an unbound book. We miss, too, the descriptions of scenery which are so striking a feature in the later *Castle Daly*. Perhaps Miss Keary felt the danger of letting her imagination run loose. The earlier novels certainly give the impression of a severe self-restraint, a determination to describe things just as they are, which is a prime requisite in the writer of the class she essayed. In other fields, as we shall see, and also in her later novels, she showed what a bright fancy she possessed. It was probably not until she had thoroughly mastered it that she dared to use it.

Oldbury is much after the model of *Janet's Home*, but instead of life in a London street it describes country-town society. The perfect comprehension of the littleness, the petty aims and jealousies, the old-maidishness of a small provincial town, displayed in the pages of *Oldbury*, speaks to a trying personal experience; Miss Keary must have suffered the miseries and limitations of country-town life before she could describe so faithfully that narrowest of all human forms of existence. At the same time she evidently appreciated the genial side of provincial society—the homey feeling of everybody taking an interest in everybody—the delights of the comfortable gossip round the set tea—the dear old maid with her Berlin wool map, founded on the geographical data of scripture, and not to be lightly criticised by profane standards, which was shown as a great treat on special occasions only to good boys and girls,—the quaint, tidy, old-world ways, the immovable traditions of a society that believes in its grandmothers, rather than its children, and prefers the backward to the forward look. For the rest, *Oldbury* has the same bald severity and lack of setting which mars *Janet's Home*, but in a less degree; the frame is better con-

structed, the parts fit together more smoothly, and the incidents are more effective. One of the best features in *Oldbury* is the acquaintance it shows with child-life. Elsie is described as few children are in books, and her small troubles and disappointments, and her rare delights, are told with the loving understanding sympathy of one who knew children well. But those who have read Miss Keary's children's stories will not be surprised at this.

The two latest novels, *Castle Daly* and *A Doubting Heart*, are widely different from those that have just been discussed. We feel that the author has passed into a new phase, and that her powers have not only ripened and developed, but taken a new direction. In the earlier novels there was a certain stiffness, an overstrained fidelity to the dullness of ordinary life; in *Castle Daly* we have all the truthfulness without the severity; the characters are, if possible, more clearly individual and life-like, but their surroundings have the charm of poetry. Most readers will agree with me that *Castle Daly* is the most delightful of all Miss Keary's novels. It may not possess the mature reflectiveness of *A Doubting Heart*, but it makes up for this in the superior interest of its characters and the variety and romance of its setting. If we are inclined to forget the poetical side of Ireland in the thought of the representatives which her infatuated people now send to the House of Commons, the romance of Irish country life thirty or forty years ago will be allowed by every one who has read *Castle Daly*. Miss Keary felt the inspiration of the subject. The imagination, the poetry, the love of nature, which we have missed so far, all come to life in this delightful book. The strange charm of Irish scenery, the sudden changes of sky and light, which exert so powerful an influence on the volatile Celtic character, are felt and described perfectly;—the sunshine on the lake, glancing over the rain-drenched trees,

and turning them into a forest of diamonds, and making life look glorious—and then the sudden sweep of the dark cloud over a grey sky, the desolate dreary feeling of a cold world.

Castle Daly, with its beautiful surroundings—the dark mountain heads closing the view in the delicate purple distance, and nearer the “soft green levels shading into the blue of river and lake,” the black bog land and the bright ferny hollows,—is a delicious place; and its inhabitants are of the genuine Irish sort—the fine easy-going giant of a squireen, with eyes where laziness contends with natural acuteness; the impulsive Ellen of the golden hair, who is always trying to do what will please her stiff English mother, and is always succeeding in doing just the wrong thing—who is continually bearing on her vicarious shoulders the guilt of her mischievous brother Connor, the typical Irish boy of the careless sort; and Pelham, the eldest son, an Irishman put at his mother's desire into an English strait-waistcoat, with Celtic feelings and Teutonic self-consciousness, false pride, and falser shame. The ways of the household are ideally Irish—open house and no order, a crowd of importunate beggars at the gate, and self-constituted pensioners slipping into the kitchen by the side door, loquacious servants always down at heel, a master who cannot bear to look into his accounts, reduce his hospitality, or draw his rents; and an estate going to ruin. Equally well-drawn is the community of “Good People's Hollow,” whose sweet mistress, Anne O'Flaherty, is the true heroine of the story; the ordering of her devoted subjects, the conferences at her cottage window with all who come to her for advice in trouble or necessity and go away comforted and strengthened, the daily life of the people in the Hollow, and the eccentricities of Peter Lynch, the aide-de-camp of its queen, and inventor of the celebrated three-wheeled car which could not turn over, but did—were brought before the eye with a vivid-

ness which makes us fancy we see the whole scene in very truth.

Just as Miss Keary understands, or at any rate describes, Irish scenery better than English, as indeed is met in an Irishwoman; so her drawing of Irish character is marked by a finer intuition if not a closer observation than her English portraits. In describing the conflict between the Irish party, typified by Anne O'Flaherty and Ellen in one direction, and by the demagogue D'Arcy O'Donnell in another, and the English, led by the Thornleys, who take charge of Mr. Daly's estate during his forced absenteeism, she shows a firm grasp of the essential divergencies between the two nations, and sets the pet foibles and prejudices of each in a just light. Those who are perplexed by the contradictory versions of the present state of Ireland, and the strength and weakness of the national party, cannot do better than study the account of the 1848 famine and rebellion, introduced with striking effect in *Castle Daly*. Without the prejudices of either side, but with sympathy for the one, and a true appreciation of the honest intentions and good sense of the other, Miss Keary has here given us at once the most charming and the most fair exposition of the “Irish Question” that can easily be found. She has not the wit of the authoress of *The Hon. Miss Ferrard*, but in every other respect she is superior. She does not talk sermons at one as Miss Laffan does in the person of her telescopic “Madam;” but the problems of Irish relief, and improvement are amply discussed in a less obtrusive manner. Thornley, the Englishman, is as fine a piece of character-drawing as Miss Keary ever accomplished: the gradual tempering of the “hated Saxon” views with which he begins his work in Ireland by the influence of his love for Ellen, and the slowly-developed appreciation of the ineradicable peculiarities and susceptibilities of the Celtic nature which was the result of his closer

association with the Dalys, are notable examples of the careful study of character in which Miss Keary excelled. In motive, incident, character, and setting, *Castle Daly* is worthy of the highest praise.

A Doubting Heart was written in the last year of Annie Keary's life, and, to my mind, it bears the trace of the weary months of suffering which preceded her all too early death. Not that there is any depressed tone about the book; but one observes that increased reflectiveness and thoughtful contemplation of the meaning of life which come from long illness and seclusion, when there is only too much time to think one's thoughts out. It has not the peculiar charm of *Castle Daly*, but many will regard it as Miss Keary's best work. The leading characters are taken from a higher, or at least more fashionable, grade of society, than those of her earlier books, and consequently present more intricate, and to many readers more directly personal, problems in conduct. The brilliant Alma who is obliged to "go where money is," and who loves a comparatively poor man, but has not love enough to give up luxury for him, nor soul enough to understand why he refuses to climb to wealth and herself by unworthy means, is a typical, and for that reason, if for no other, an interesting study. The vacillations of her "doubting heart" between the disgusting splendour of Golden Mount and love in a cottage with Wynyard Anstice are well worked out, and the failure of her schemes, if savouring a little of poetic justice, is brought about by a skilfully-developed combination of circumstances. The worldly woman, caught in her own wiles, is a well-worn subject; but here the wiles are clever, and the woman natural, and not revolting. It is easy to overdraw a selfish character of this kind, and make the woman despicable and self-despising. Alma never reaches this point. She does not mean to do wrong; she is only led into mean intrigue and dishonourable engagements

by the traditions of her life, and the training of her mother—who, it should be said, is perhaps the best drawn character in the book. Alma is simply overpowered by the conventionalities of life and the circumstances in which she is placed—the fates were too strong for her, that is all. One cannot refuse her pity, but one cannot like her.

The contrast between Alma and her rival in Wynyard Anstice's affections is strongly marked; but Emmy West is altogether too feeble a little person—albeit natural enough—to claim our sympathy. There are a great many Emmy Wests in life and in novels, and any enthusiasm one might have felt for the simple confiding girl who supplants her more talented rival in their common lover's heart evaporated with the second novel one read. Wynyard Anstice himself is a clever portrait of the kind of man other men detest and women adore. He does not come unscathed out of the affair with Emmy, and I do not think he quite deserved the little damsel in the end; but there is a good deal that is really fine about him, and he is a specimen of what lady-novelists rarely succeed in describing—an unexaggerated gentleman.

The most pleasing characters in the book are the two sisters Katherine and Christabel Moore, whose ideal sisterly life up in "Air Throne," and earnest independent spirit of work, must have been drawn from a very near and dear experience. It is impossible not to see that the gentle life of these sisters is modelled on one which was everything to Annie Keary herself. No one knew better what the love of a sister was worth, or felt in fuller perfection the sweetness of that pure twofold life which she shows us in her loving portraits of Katherine and Christabel.

A Doubting Heart, like *Castle Daly*, but in an inferior degree, is marked by that love of nature which Miss Keary so long refused to display in her writings. The sketches of life in

the south of France, which enter a great deal into the story, possess much of the charm and vividness which characterise her Irish descriptions. Madame de Florimel, walking with Emmy in her sunny *château* grounds; Madelon among the olive trees, or girdled round with vine leaves; Wynyard and his love standing in the glow of the golden sunset by the rose-hedge at the end of the wood, are so many pearls of landscape-painting.

As a whole, *A Doubting Heart* is perhaps the most thoughtful and thought-inspiring of Miss Keary's novels, as *Castle Daly* is the most picturesque. But in both, as in all her works, there is the same constant quality of truthfulness to life, the same self-restraint, the same obstinate refusal to allow herself to be carried away into "gush" or exaggeration. Miss Keary is before all things true. Her books might have been more interesting or exciting if she had allowed her fancy free scope; but she would not have left so good a lifework behind her. Her faithful studies of character are better worth having than the ecstasies of the romantic novelist. If she has not Jane Austen's humour, she has all her fidelity; and if her portraits of ordinary life are not esteemed so highly as they deserve to be, it is perhaps because the heightening effects of distance have not yet been felt. A good deal of Miss Austen's fame, delightful as she is, rests upon antiquity. Old-fashioned language, and old-world ways, are much more interesting than the talk and habits of to-day, of which we can get enough, and too much, by ourselves; and till Miss Keary's pictures of every-day life in the third quarter of the nineteenth century are seen in perspective, they will not be estimated at their true worth.

Miss Keary has written other books than novels, and I am not sure that the field in which she first entered literature—that of children's stories—is not the one to which her genius most clearly pointed. My own child-

ish recollection is very vivid of the wonderful charm of "Aunt Annie," as a story-teller. She had the gift of fascinating children; she would draw us round her in a circle, and then begin to tell us story after story, fairy tales, folk-lore, myths, fancies of her own, *triste et gai, tour à tour*, whilst we listened spellbound. She would carry us off to Asgard and introduce us to grave Odin, and Thor, and Freya, and Loki; or take us to the wonderful bridge which leads to the Norns, or even to fearful Jotunheim; or we would accompany her in an excursion to one of her own castles in the air,—and none were more wonderful and fantastic than hers,—and call upon the terrible Mrs. Calkill and her one-eyed gardener, and see Otto and Crybill and Gluck the slate-pencil boy in Gladhome after their hairbreadth escape from Noisehome, and hear their report of the terrors of Smokyfire and Thrym's windbag, and the rest of the punishments of naughty children. Or, again, she would draw on her own recollections of her childhood, and relate the strange adventures of "Little Helen" which anybody can read in *Blindman's Holiday*. It is impossible to describe the peculiar charm of her story-telling, the quaint humour, the naïve reasoning, the rich imagination, and the rare power of bringing it all home to child-minds, which only comes to those who love children as Annie Keary loved them. To make children happy was a passion with her—how successfully gratified I can bear witness. She seemed to understand children, and see into their thoughts and wishes, and sympathise with their troubles and disappointments by some faculty peculiar to herself. It was this intuitive comprehension and sympathy that enabled her to draw child-life as she has drawn it in *Oldbury*, and to write children's stories with almost unequalled success. *Blindman's Holiday*, a charming series of twilight stories gleaned from her own memories, and *Little Wanderlin*, a collection of fairy tales—the work of

the two sisters—are the most delightful of Miss Keary's books for children. I think she understood little children better than their elder brothers and sisters; at any rate these two books are meant for quite little children, and they are the best of their kind. The mysterious fascination of the hole in the wall, the miserable collapse of the slippery secret, the thrilling adventures of the conceited worm, are all told in the way which children, by no means lenient critics, best understand and appreciate; and the fancy shown in *Little Wanderlin* and his journeyings, and *Mrs. Calkill's Wonderful House*, is particularly enchanting; whilst the *Lost Pleiad* is an exquisite little story. It is here that we find the humour we miss in Miss Keary's more studied works; it turns up in queer little phrases and odd explanations, and runs in a peculiarly delightful vein. In her stories for older children, Miss Keary is little less happy than in these books for quite little ones. *Sidney Grey* is a capital boy's story, and the *York and Lancaster Rose* is its equivalent for girls; whilst *Mia and Charlie*, and the *Rival Kings*, form links between these and the youngest class. They all bear testimony to a loving insight into children's character, and deserve a more detailed study than can be given to them here. The only drawback to these charming pictures of child-life is the tendency to introduce overmuch moral and religious teaching. There is so much of this sort of thing afloat in the world that a born teller of tales, like Miss Keary, might have omitted it without damage to the children's education, and an Irishwoman might have avoided making her child-characters so solemn and pious as they sometimes are. But these are really matters of conscience, and any one who writes for the young has too heavy a burden of responsibility to bear to let his conscience be tampered with; I confess, however, I cannot believe that children get any moral good out of the moral parts of story-books.

One of Miss Keary's children's books, the *Heroes of Asgard*, puts the stories of the Eddas into a shape that children can appreciate. It is a book that grown-ups have enjoyed, but for children it is admirable. It is curious to note how the marvels of antiquity called forth the imaginative faculty which Miss Keary was too prone to suppress. In presence of the weird charm of Norse mythology, her fancy takes wings to itself, and we see what a command of poetic style, what a wealth of poetic imagery and illustration she could use if she would. The "hoar wonder" of Egypt and Assyria exercised a powerful influence on her imagination. The *Early Egyptian History*, which she wrote after a visit to the Nile, shows that the magic of Karnak moved her no less than the wisdom of the runes; and in the *Nations Around*, the last work she produced of this kind, with the exception of some chapters contributed to her nephew's *Dawn of History*, we see that years did not efface the impression which Eastern antiquity had made upon her. The *Nations Around* is a popular account of the principal results of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Biblical research, strung round the outline of the Bible history. The general accuracy of the account may be presupposed from Miss Keary's invariable fidelity to truth; but it is as well to add that a distinguished scholar assisted her in gathering her facts. It is not, however, in the facts that the real worth of the book consists. You can get these from various sources: encyclopædia articles, "Records of the Past," "History from the Monuments," and the rest. The charm of the *Nations Around* is in the vivid picture it gives of life in the early ages of men. Miss Keary has here constructed her society out of dead people instead of living characters; but she has succeeded in a marvellous manner in bringing them to life again, and showing us the way they lived as though we were living among them. The reality of her

sketches of ancient Assyrian, and still more Egyptian, life and manners and ideas, is very striking. She seems to have risen to the demand made upon the constructive quality of the imagination, and, from reading the dry facts discovered by scholarship, to have built up the old world as though she saw it. A great deal of the charm of the work consists in the wealth of illustration in which it abounds, and the successful application of the comparative method; but besides this, the *Nations Around*, in point of style, is Miss Keary's most finished production. The chapter on the Book of the Dead is a fine example of her best manner. Nowhere can one find a more interesting account of the history and character of the peoples that dwelt round about Israel, from the Euphrates to the Libyan desert, from Ur of the Chaldees to Thebes and Memphis. Those who have plodded through the "Ancient History from the Monuments" series

will turn to Miss Keary's beautiful picture of the ancient East with unspeakable satisfaction.

This is not the place to say much about the sweet lady whose work I have tried to analyse. I wish her gentle life were written. Sister Annie was as worthy of record as Sister Dora. But in default of such a life, I must say to those readers who did not know Miss Keary, that I do not believe that she ever reached the full development of her powers. Her works are not the full expression of herself. They would be more than worthy of most women, but not of Annie Keary. Negatively they are true to her character; there is nothing in a single line of hers which is not in harmony with the purity and nobility of her spirit. But they do not, perhaps no written thing could, express all the wealth of her gracious womanhood and sweet human-heartedness.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

A T S E A.

1880.

"There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour" (Rev. viii. 1).

OLD Ocean rolls like time, each billow passing
 Into another melts, and is no more,
 Whilst the indwelling spirit works on, massing
 The great whole as before.

The separate waves are swift to come and go,
 But the deep smiles, as they die one by one,
 In lazy pleasure lifting from below
 His foam-flecked purple to the sun.

Eve comes, the floods race past, we see their white
 Thrilled through by weird sea-fires, a burning shiver
 Which for one moment lives in eager light
 And then is quenched for ever.

Even so, alas. The bright chiefs of our race,
 Lost under the interminable years,
 Homer, or Shakspeare—each in his own place,
 Just flashes forth, then disappears;

For what we call their Immortality
 Is a brief spark, born but to be destroyed,
 As the long ruin of all things that be
 Moves down the Godless void.

Such is the creed our wise ones of the earth
 Engrave now on the slowly-waning skies;
 Ice, night, and death—death with no second birth—
 Even now before their prescient eyes,

Pale in the lone abysses of existence,
 World hangs on world, system on system, dead,
 Whilst over all out-wearied life's resistance
 Vast wings of blackness spread;

Till that proud voice, "Let there be light," whose breath
 Came, as we deemed, from Heaven old glooms to chase,
 Hath passed unfelt through a dim waste of death,
 To cease at length upon deaf space.

Darkness, eternal darkness, darkness bare
 Of warmth, of life, of thought, with orbs that run,
 Like sad ghosts of the shining years that were,
 Each round its frozen sun.

Sages may scoff, "What matters this to you
Who will rest well whatever may befall?
Why care in what strange garb of horrors new
Is clothed the doom that waits us all?

What if some fresh unfailing age of gold,
Should fill each radiant galaxy with bloom?
The man whose race is run, whose tale is told,
Owns nothing but his tomb.

Thus whether Nature still uphold her powers,
Or all things die at last, as men have died;
Stop not to ask if that sure grave of ours
Be coffin-narrow, or world-wide."

We answer thus—The cloud before us spread
Stains with its shadow all that nursed our prime;
Hope is the world's best blood, which, chilled or shed,
Palsies the heart of Time;

Your grim futurity we cannot bear,
It shakes us now, like earthquake tides inrolling,
Imagination has her own despair,
And hears your distant death-bell tolling;

She droops even now beneath those evil dreams,
That like hearse-plumes, wind-swept, around her nod,
And shrinks from that lost universe, which seems
To her the corpse of God.

Let her still therefore guard her lamp, and fling
Away the terror under which she cowers,
Trusting in trance to feel the touch of spring,
And the young struggle of the flowers,

Trusting that when the days are full, some thought,
Some presence, may dawn round us by and by,
So that, as prophets and as bards have taught,
We men may live, not die.

Then if that hope which science off has thrown,
Be but our nurse's lullaby and kiss,
If Nature round the edge her seeds have sown,
Only to hide the near abyss;

If all her visioned flowers and fruits, that smile
And fade not, where the living water gleams,
Be but as desert phantoms which beguile,
Mirrored on phantom streams;

Though none the promised amaranth may reap,
We yet accept the boon—believing still
That the great mother means us well—and sleep
In faith, according to her will.

F. H. DOYLE.

JOURNALISTE MALGRÉ LUI.¹

I AM an Englishman, dwelling for the greater part of the year in provincial France, rather a long way from Paris, and not on the English side of Paris. The house I live in is in the country, on a very pretty estate, which keeps its owner (who unfortunately for me is quite a distinct person from myself) in the style of a French gentleman. A pleasant trout-stream winds through the property, and flows down till it bathes the walls of a very ancient city, about three miles from where I live. A public road runs just outside the estate down to the city, crosses the river on an old bridge, and formerly passed under a very old arch, but the mayor and aldermen have demolished it.

Close to where the arch used to be there is a picturesque old inn, where access is obtained to the bed-rooms by means of a balcony-gallery running along the wall and sheltered by an overhanging roof. From this gallery you may advantageously watch the arrivals in the inn-yard, and amongst them three times a week you may see a remarkable vehicle, which we always call *le bateau à voile*. This sailing-vessel was originally a long, open *char à bancs*, but as the passengers got wet in rainy weather, the proprietor ingeniously put up little posts at the four corners, supporting a roof on which luggage may be placed, and from this roof hang waterproof curtains all round the vehicle, which produce the effect of sails in a breeze, except that they do little to help the progress of the ship. The reader now perceives why we call the concern the *bateau à voile*, but what the reader can never adequately realise is the strength of the draughts in the interior. The passengers all catch cold,

at least it is presumed they do, for the most robust can hardly bear with impunity a sharp draught directing itself between two curtains on their necks and ears. But worse things may happen than catching cold, as the reader will perceive from the following narrative.

The driver is, or was not very long since, a powerful man, dwelling in a village on the hills. I recollect drinking a glass of beer with him in a *café*, and admiring the strong muscles of his legs and arms, and the healthy complexion of his broad and jolly face. He was a happy man then, a man of importance in his village, where he was mayor as well as driver of the public vehicle which kept up communication with the city. Everybody knew him, and everybody liked him for his frank and pleasant manners. One morning he started from the old inn-yard as usual, with his strong gray horses, his vehicle full of passengers, and the curtains flapping in the wind. There is a last time in everything, and this was his last departure on the familiar *bateau à voile*.

He drove down in safety as far as the bridge, crossed it, and held his way steadily as usual along the broad macadamised road that crosses some miles of country before you get to the distant hill-region where his village is perched on high. After a little time he began to see soldiers in the fields on each side of the road, and when he came to a slight ascent, the soldiers occupied the place in some force. Just when the vehicle got between the two bodies of men, they suddenly opened fire, and the passengers found themselves in the very middle of a sham fight.

For the passengers it would have mattered little if the horses could

¹ Everything narrated in this article really took place recently, and the story is not embellished.

only have been made to understand that there was no danger; but horses unluckily are not always amenable to reason, and these became ungovernable. What happened next, I cannot narrate with as much detail as if I had been sitting on the box, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, the facts were nearly as follows.

The horses were mad with fright, and still the firing went on. Seeing that he could do nothing to prevent an accident so long as he remained on the box, the driver jumped from his place and ran to the horses' heads, clinging to their bridles. Notwithstanding this, the frightened animals turned round and started wildly in the opposite direction. Then came a scene of indescribable confusion. Amidst the rattle of the soldiers' rifles and the cries of the passengers, the heavy, high vehicle capsized. Meanwhile the unfortunate driver had somehow got under it whilst the horses were plunging and struggling.

There were many contusions amongst the passengers, but nothing fatal or serious. The one victim was the brave captain of the *bateau à voile*, who, instead of saving his own skin, had endeavoured to save his passengers. He was taken out dreadfully mutilated and carried back to the town, where the doctors said he might just possibly recover. In a day or two he was carefully carried to his own village amongst the hills, and there he lay in indescribable suffering for many a weary week. The news came sometimes that he could not live more than a few days, then the doctors thought amputation might be inevitable, and yet probably fatal. They did all they could to avoid it, and finally brought him round.

But never again will my poor friend command the *bateau à voile*, and if ever I drink another glass of beer with him in a *café*, he will lay down his crutches first, and put a thinned and stiffened leg under the table instead of the manly limb which belonged to him last year.

Now, after reading this simple story, does anybody think it right that military men should choose the most frequented public roads as scenes for skirmishing, especially when they give no notice of their intentions? I, for my part, have a very strong opinion on the subject, an opinion which has been strengthened by an incident now to be related.

We get up early in the country in France; and in summer, when my wife has to go to the town, she likes to get her shopping over before the heat of the day comes on. She used to be rather a bold driver, but she has had several accidents which might have been serious (carriage upset on several occasions and kicked to pieces once), and in one of these accidents she was hurt, so that caution has succeeded to boldness and even (may I venture to say?) timidity to caution. We keep a little mare, but no coachman, and the little mare used to be what we call *à l'œil*, which means that she was always looking out for something to be frightened at, and that when she found a pretext, she would dash off at full gallop. The creature is calmer now, but she has remains of the old ardour, so that my wife feels more comfortable when I am driving. Well, it so happened that one beautiful May morning that lady had a sort of presentiment which made her insist more than usual on having me for a coachman. It was in vain to say that I was busy; I had to yield, and was glad to have yielded afterwards.

Fresh with the morning air, the old mare trotted on merrily till she came to a place where the road was crossed by a by-road, and then she descried soldiers under the hedges. She has a dislike to soldiers, and began to prick up her ears. We soon perceived that the hedges and fields on both sides of the road were thickly sprinkled with warriors, who seemed to form two opposite skirmishing parties. Just at the very minute when we came between them, the officers gave the word to fire; we were caught as the *bateau*

à voile had been, between two discharges of rifles. I was angry, and called to an officer to stop firing; but it went on, and all I could do was to keep my beast in the middle of the road. For those who like fast driving skirmishing parties may be recommended. Whips are not half so effectual as rifles cracking all along the hedgerows.

Well, we got out of it safely, but if my wife and daughter had been alone, they would certainly have been upset, and probably injured. On arriving in the town, I expressed an opinion frankly in my club to the effect that skirmishing on public roads ought not to be permitted. In the club was a Doctor of Laws who is supposed to be one of the editors of a Liberal local print called the *Republican*, and when he heard my story, he said, "The incident ought to be mentioned in to-morrow's *Republican*, and with your permission I will see that it is done."

The next day there was a short but rather strong article on the continued practice of skirmishing on public roads, with references to the accident which had already happened to the *bateau à voile*, and to that which had nearly happened in my own case. At the same time I sent a letter of complaint to the mayor, which he forwarded to the colonel.

When the article appeared, I said, "Some trouble will come of this, but, no matter, it was a public duty to complain, and I have done right." All the inhabitants of our little city were of the same opinion, and many of them expressed it strongly in conversation.

The *Republican* is not, however, the only newspaper in the place. There is the *Conservative* also, of which it is impossible to say whether it is Legitimist or Bonapartist. Its one principle is hatred to the Republic, and to everything and everybody connected, however remotely, with the present Government. Now, as I had been supported by the *Republican*,

which supports the Government, that was enough of itself to make me a marked man.

But there was another and even a stronger reason. A club has just been mentioned in this narrative, of which I am a member. This club is expressly non-political, yet it so happens by the natural coming together of men of the same opinion that all members of the club are more or less warm supporters of the present Government. A few months ago, at a general meeting of the members, I was elected vice-president, and in consequence of this appointment I had to receive official gentlemen when they came to visit us; I mean such men as the Prefect of the Department, the Sub-Prefect, the Deputies, and the officers who form the Council of Revision. These gentlemen sometimes honour us by accepting an invitation to spend an evening at the club, when we give them champagne, and punch, and cakes, and make them speeches. The members hand the cakes and tippie, the president and vice-presidents make the speeches. After these ceremonies we pass a pleasant evening in conversation, in an easy, unaffected manner, the authorities kindly unbending, and taking their share with the rest of us. The Prefect and Sub-Prefect are both of them very perfect specimens of the highly bred French gentleman, but they are functionaries under a Republican Government, and therefore any man who speaks to them, or receives them, is under the ban of reactionary society and its newspapers. The Prefect kindly invited me to make use of the Prefecture when I went to the county town instead of the public hotel, so I am a lost being from the "Conservative" point of view.

I had been fully expecting for some time an attack in the reactionary local newspaper, but I never read it, thinking that some kind friend would tell me when the attack came. At length, one morning, I met a friend who looked very grave and embar-

rassed, and said he had something to communicate. "Have you seen the *Conservative* of this morning?" he asked. "No."—"But you ought to see it. There is an attack on you in it about your articles in the *Republican*."—"I never wrote a line in the *Republican* in my life."—"Then you ought to say so in answer to the attack in the *Conservative*, which is very violent."

I got the little newspaper, and certainly the ardour of the onslaught did credit to the literary skill of its editor, a young man from Paris, who had at one time, it is said, been employed upon the *Figaro*, and who is very intimate with some of the officers of our garrison. He began his attack in the tone and style of the journalist who has just made a great sensational discovery, telling powerfully against a man whom he denounces as a proper object of public indignation. The discovery in this case was—but I anticipate. It is necessary, now, to say a few words about the management of the *Republican*.

The *Republican* is a very outspoken little print, managed by two or three rich men of the party, but its articles are not signed. If they bear any mark at all to distinguish them, it is an initial, or an obvious pseudonym. The editor of the *Conservative*, who signs his articles boldly, has been terribly exercised in his mind for a long time past by a burning desire to ascertain the authorship of certain very mordant articles in the other paper, directed against all that he holds dear. I cannot say that these particular pieces in the *Republican* are to my taste; they are to the productions of refined literature what vitriol is to lemonade, but they achieve their purpose of irritating the enemy to madness. If a bishop does anything not quite in accordance with the very letter of his oath to the Government, the *Republican* tells him he is perjured; if a priest meddles with politics, the *Republican* tells him that

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cassocks should keep to their place; if on the whole expanse of French territory an ecclesiastic yields to the temptations of the flesh and the devil, the *Republican* triumphantly prints the whole story. It laughs at the episcopal processions, it laughs at the Comte de Chambord, it has no pity for the widow of Chiselhurst. It rejoices in the dispersion of the Jesuits, and anticipates with glee the invasion of all unauthorised monasteries and convents. Now that its principles are triumphant in Governmental regions, the *Republican* adds scorn and contempt to its acidity. Certainly its articles cannot be pleasant reading for the vanquished parties, and they are not a kind of literature which I should like to produce, even if I possessed the necessary gifts of nature—the fang and the poison-bag.¹

The announcement in the *Conservative* was that the real author of all these attacks on the *Conservative* parties and the clergy was at last discovered, that he was a foreigner, or, to be more precise, an Englishman, author of one or two bad unsaleable novels, and correspondent of an English newspaper, to which he wrote regular letters in the style employed by him in the *Republican*. Then came reflections of a bitter kind on the foreigner's abuse of French hospitality, on his intolerable conduct in insulting religion and the clergy, on his utter want of a proper sense of his situation. Since, however, the foreigner needed a lesson, the editor of the *Conservative* had resolved to give it him, and began by tearing the mask of the anonymous from his face, after which, if the foreigner needed farther lessons, the *Conservative* undertook to put him in his proper place. It is impossible, without quoting the whole of the

¹ A recent article in the journal referred to describes M. Jules Simon as a recalcitrant corpse, and a mongrel between a Catholic and a greasy Jew. There is a considerable power of invention in such language. "A recalcitrant corpse" is an idea not without originality.

article, which occupied a column and a half, to give any adequate idea of the skill with which the writer conducted his attack. He was careful to point out the distinction between a French journalist who in the heat of political discussion might express himself energetically to his own countrymen, and an alien intruder who meddled with quarrels in which he had no concern, who used the most unbecoming language in speaking of everything that was most respectable in the land which tolerated his presence, and who sheltered himself behind the screen of the anonymous to escape the odium which he deserved. Nay, more, this foreigner was not only a constant writer in the *Republican*, he was one of the editors, and even the chief editor. He it was who inspired its attacks against the Church and the Conservative party, and who directed the pens of others when he did not employ his own. Such an intruder was not to be endured. A stop must be put, and would be put, to his machinations. On this the editor of the *Conservative* was resolved, and he undertook the duty in the sight of his fellow-citizens.

There were certain passages in the article making it perfectly clear that I was the person aimed at. Just at first I felt strongly disposed to take no notice of an attack which seemed too outrageously absurd to be answered seriously, but there was a peculiar inconvenience in the special circulation of the *Conservative*. It has a very small circulation, but all the squires take it in for many miles round, and all their wives read it for the local news. Not one of them would look at a Republican print; so an answer in the other newspaper would have been of no use so far as they were concerned, and to reach them, I must get a letter into the columns of the *Conservative* itself. Luckily, French law enables a man who is attacked to compel the insertion of a reply; so I wrote an answer in as few words as possible to this

effect:—"I have never written for the *Republican*; I am correspondent of no English newspaper. Insert this, or I will compel you." The editor inserted my letter, but added a commentary, in which he maintained the attack in his article, and said that my denial, which he had fully expected, was the result of an understanding arrived at between me and the other editors of my newspaper. He ended by offering to fight a duel with me if I were not satisfied. The whole purpose of the first attack then became perfectly clear. The editor of the *Conservative* wanted to distinguish himself a little in his party by fighting a duel with somebody, and as nobody in the town would condescend to accept a challenge from him, he had bethought him of the Englishman as a convenience.

Well, would I fight or not? In the first flush of anger I said I would, but my friends said that public opinion did not expect me to do anything of the kind, that the editor who had attacked me was not respectable, and that the proper course was to bring an action for libel. On this I went to consult a very wise old lawyer, who combines in his brain a delightful mixture of learning with wit and humour and much knowledge of the world. "The whole town," he said, "has been talking of nothing but your affair with the *Conservative* for the last two days. It is an inexhaustible subject of conversation. Nobody expects you to fight the editor; it would be doing him far too much honour, but you might perhaps challenge one of the highly respectable gentlemen who keep the *Conservative* a-going with their money, and pay the editor to do their dirty work. You might be able to get at one of them, I daresay, if it were agreeable to you."

"Duelling is not much in my line," I ventured to observe. "We Englishmen don't generally fight duels. The custom has become obsolete with us."

This was frank, but imprudent. The lawyer looked at me seriously and

sadly. A gentleman who was not strongly disposed to fight a duel could scarcely, I perceived, expect to maintain a very high place in his esteem, and I was sorry for this, having a great liking for the man, whom I have known for many a year. After a while, he recovered from the shock, and said, "Well, nobody expects you to fight with that rascally editor, at all events."

"My friends urge me to bring an action for libel."

"That may be done, no doubt, but how far successfully I don't quite know. The judges would require great courage and a high sense of honour to give a verdict in your favour, when all their party is against you, and on the side of the newspaper which attacked you."

"Why against me?"

"Simply because you have been seen with Republicans, and belong to a club which is composed of supporters of the Government. The judges are Bonapartists or Legitimists, and all their friends are reactionary. You can try the experiment of bringing an action, but before you do so, let me take you to consult another lawyer, an old barrister who knows the court better than I do."

We set off together, and were crossing the great square when we met no less a personage than the presiding Judge himself. I know him very well; so he came to me and shook hands, and then said—

"What in the world has happened to you? What is it all about—that attack in the newspaper?"

"You have read it, I suppose."

"Everybody has read it; but there must have been a mistake. Your answer has settled the matter."

"Not quite settled it, if you please. I am just on my way to see a lawyer and begin an action for libel."

The Judge earnestly dissuaded me. "Don't do that—don't do that! Your character and reputation in the place have not been in the least affected. It

is like a spot of mud on your coat-tail; you have brushed it off already. No good bringing an action. I will see the editor of the *Conservative*, and make him hold his tongue."

Just at that minute a figure slowly approached us. It was the editor of the *Conservative* himself. He came within a couple of yards of us to try and catch the tone of our conversation. I seized the opportunity and spoke of him contemptuously. Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves. A group of twenty or thirty people were watching this incident. Then the Judge shook hands with me cordially, said something facetious, and we separated, laughing heartily.

"I don't think it will be necessary to proceed with that action for libel," I said to the lawyer on rejoining him. "There will very probably be an apology in the *Conservative* through certain influences which will be brought to bear."

The lawyer was merry about the incident he had just witnessed, but a little disappointed that the action should not be proceeded with. However, we agreed to suspend it for the present.

The next incident gave me an opportunity for testing the state of public opinion in the religious world. A procession was coming out of a church through a green avenue of lime-trees, and a group of ladies were waiting to join it when the white girls, singing hymns, had passed by slowly with their banners. I knew one or two of these ladies, and bowed to them. The bow was returned very graciously, and I went to exchange a few words. The ladies were more cordial, I thought, than usual, and expressed by their manner the most absolute disbelief in the attacks of the *Conservative*, though without alluding to any newspaper.

After that I went to see a man in a very public and responsible position, whose good opinion would be of great value to me in a crisis of this kind. He received me with the most frank

and charming cordiality, said he was grieved that such an incident should have occurred to disturb my life in France, and uttered a hundred kind and pleasant things to console me. He did not need, he added, to offer any assurance that he had never believed one syllable of the allegations against me; "and as to that ridiculous blunder of the *Conservative* in accusing you of hostility to the clergy, I have great pleasure in telling you that some of the clergy themselves have been amongst your warmest and most influential defenders." He mentioned one Abbé in particular who had strongly taken my part.

"I'll go and call upon him, to thank him."

"Do by all means. He will be delighted."

I found the Abbé at home in his small, but pretty dwelling, and was received with outstretched hands. "How glad I am to see you!" he said; "we have been talking about you for the last two days. I hope you have not suffered too much from those abominable calumnies."

"Any little trouble they may have caused me has been amply compensated by the kindness of my friends. Let me thank you in particular. You know exactly what I think about religion and the Church, and you have heard the worst I have ever said on the subject."

"In this very room, when we have had our controversies together."

"Yes. You know my tone on these subjects: that I never pretend to believe anything which I do not really believe, and that I never willingly wound the feelings of another. As for coarse attacks on respectable opinions which are not mine, you know that they are quite outside of my habits, both of thought and expression."

Here let me insert a parenthesis. The Abbé is the type of what is best in the French clergy. Obedient to the discipline of his own Church, of which he is a faithful and devoted

son, he still has that thorough inner tolerance of the heart which enables the man who is blessed with it to think justly and kindly of those who differ from him most widely in religious or political opinion. This tolerance is not rare amongst the more highly cultivated priests in France. I know several who possess it really, and without affectation, and who take an honest pride in being above the narrowness of the vulgar. They do not chill you by that constraint of manner which in every country marks the condescension of orthodoxy in its occasional intercourse with dissent; they meet you on the common ground of humanity; they will talk with you frankly and openly on any subject—on religion itself, if you will. Your opinions, however much opposed to theirs, never make them lose temper, or depart for an instant from their habitual and perfect courtesy. The reason for this individual tolerance in an intolerant Church is, I believe, to be found in the fact that the Church herself does not pretend to be founded on reason, but on authority, and it is quite obvious to every cultivated and intelligent priest that the authority should be respected. There is no middle path with reference to the Church of Rome; you are inside or outside of her inclosure. If inside, you accept everything; if outside, you may wander where you like; she has no constraint to impose upon the emancipated, and no advice to offer beyond the simple assertion, which is true, that within her fold is rest, and outside of it endless seeking.

I am outside of it, as well outside of it as it is possible for a human being to be, but I find in practice that it is possible to talk pleasantly, like friendly neighbours, over the wall, and I always feel perfectly at ease with the French priesthood of all classes, though the most cultivated are the most agreeable. We even go so far as to exchange the hospitalities of the table, and my dining-room, tainted with heresy as it is, has been

occasionally honoured by the presence of intelligent gentlemen in long black cassocks. Besides this, some of my best lay friends are pious and dutiful members of the Church, and I find them just as truly and heartily tolerant as the cultivated clergy.

The Abbé went on to say that the clergy were indignant about the attack on me in the *Conservative*.

"I fancied something of the sort," I replied, "because the Curé of the cathedral took off his hat to my son yesterday in a marked manner."

"That would be intentional. If the Bishop were here, he would take your part heartily. His Grand Vicairé has been supporting you warmly."

"When you see the Bishop, pray give him my respectful compliments, and assure him that I am incapable of the coarse writing that has been attributed to me."

"Monseigneur will be back in a few days. He is on a confirmation tour. When he comes, I will not fail to deliver your message. But what are you going to do to the editor of the *Conservative*?"

"Bring an action for libel, if he does not retract."

"Just what you ought to do. Now I have a cousin who is a solicitor, and if you like, we will go and see him immediately, and have his opinion. He is an honest fellow, and will tell us exactly what is to be done."

We went to see the solicitor, who lived near the cathedral, which ornamented his garden with its magnificent architecture. He heard my statement to the end, and then said with some embarrassment,

"I cannot undertake this business, because I happen to be private solicitor to several of the gentlemen who own the *Conservative*, but I can speak to them about it. Would you be satisfied if they published an apology?"

"I do not ask for it, but if there were a single honest man in the lot who desired to do me justice, I should appreciate his intervention."

The solicitor had said very little,

but he was thoroughly convinced of my innocence, and went immediately to see the owners of the *Conservative*, and get up a meeting. The owners were eight rich men, some of them noblemen, and all occupying what is called "a most respectable position in society." The solicitor began by convincing two of them that a great wrong had been done, then a meeting was convened at which it was decided that a retraction must be inserted in the *Conservative*. The editor resisted, but had to give way at last, and wrote his retraction under the solicitor's eye, vainly attempting to weaken it, which was not permitted.

The story does not end here, though I abandoned the action for libel as unnecessary. The *Republican* came out in tremendous force on the day when the *Conservative* published its retraction. It had three articles on my affair, all very cleverly done, and it was universally admitted that the *Republican* had never published such a brilliant number since it was founded. Its sale ran up fifty per cent beyond the ordinary impression, and the *cafés* were full of people laughing over it as they drank their evening beer. First came a leader of two columns in large type, going into the business thoroughly, declaring that I had never written a single line in the *Republican*, and that the only communication which had passed between me and the editors related to certain extracts from a book of mine which they had asked permission to print, and which had been translated by one of the editors themselves. The writer of the article spoke of me becomingly, and without flattery, simply as an English gentleman, who was much astonished, and with reason, to find his name dragged into newspaper controversies in France. He congratulated me that this had not occurred during the war, or at the time of MacMahon's *Seize Mai*, when I might have been lynched in consequence, or sent across the frontier between two *gendarmes*. The second article created a great sensation in the town. It gave a list of the eight

owners of the *Conservative*—names, titles, and addresses—and said that it was they who were responsible for the employment of a public insulter, whose business it was to throw mud at honourable men, that they had founded their journal and paid their editor to do such work for them whilst they themselves lay hidden. The third article was devoted to the aforesaid public insulter himself, and gave a contemptuous account of the editor of the *Conservative* and his antecedents, showing how he had been one of the impecunious wretches in the lowest depths of the Parisian press, and how he had been chosen as a gladiator ready to attack any one for a little money. The writers of these articles in the *Republican* found their task considerably facilitated by a curious discovery which had taken place some time before. On the establishment of the really Republican Government, authentic papers had been discovered in the Prefecture concerning the foundation of the *Conservative*, and giving the names of the gentlemen who started it. Amongst these papers was one from which it appeared that the editor was not able to come to our city from Paris until he got an advance of 40*l.*—delightful evidence of his impecuniosity! I may close the account of this newspaper war by adding that in the following number the editors of the *Republican* challenged all the eight proprietors of the *Conservative*, whose names they had printed, to fight them, but said that the editor of that print (who, to do him justice is really, I believe, a combative creature with sword and pistol) was beneath their notice in the way of duelling. The eight noblemen and gentlemen have not yet accepted the challenge.

Whilst these things were going forward, a gentleman of noble family, who had been a captain in the army, most politely held himself at my disposal as a second, and was ready to see the affair conducted with all due form and ceremony to its termination. His study in his country-house is an arsenal

of swords and pistols, the use of which instruments interests him as a bat interests a cricketer. It would have afforded him sincere pleasure to see me skewer the editor, and my belief is (tell it not in Gath!) that if the editor had skewered me, my friend, the captain, would have liked to see the lunge, if only it had been delivered according to the rules of art.

When the bishop returned from his confirmation tour, he sent me a kind message, inviting me to go and see him. The state of things between his Grandeur and my Littleness for some years past has been rather amusing. He is a scholar and a man of letters, who has seen a great deal of the world, and travelled in England and Ireland; so he felt some curiosity to know an English author who was domiciled in his diocese. On the other hand, the English author has a keen appreciation of all sorts of talent and ability, and an unfeigned respect for good originality of character; so as the bishop was the most accomplished orator he ever heard, and a strongly original character of the good sort besides, there was a great attraction in his acquaintance. Nevertheless, there were certain impediments. The bishop could not exactly call first upon the heretic, and the heretic did not like to call upon the bishop (for fear of public misinterpretation) unless some especial reason presented itself. Now the opportunity had come. The Bishop's invitation meant his disbelief in the accusation against me, and my acceptance of the invitation meant gratitude for the disbelief. The visit on both sides was an effectual answer to recent calumnies.

The Bishop's palace here is, I believe, the largest in France; it is certainly one of the most picturesque and delightful. It is beautifully situated, with terraced gardens and slopes, and ancient towers looking over them, as at Windsor. In a seclusion of ancient trees, green leaves, and flowers, the great front of the palace is hidden from the town, though the town itself

is quiet, especially in the old parts about the cathedral.

The Abbé and I went up a private little staircase to the Bishop's study. He was sitting reading on a high terrace on which the window opened, but he came to meet me, and offered his hand cordially. Then he gave me an armchair on the terrace just like his own, and we began to talk. At first there is a feeling of strangeness in talking with a gentleman who is dressed all in violet, and wears a large gold cross on his breast, and has a prodigious ring (the size of a lady's brooch) on his middle finger, and to whom it is rudeness not to say *Monseigneur*. This feeling, however, wore off in five minutes, and we got into an interesting conversation about many things. The place was very favourable, a quiet square terrace, the size of a large room, surrounded by a stone balustrade, flowery with creepers, over which was a lovely view down a wooded valley, whilst behind us was the seclusion of a study lined with books, and close to us an ancient legendary tower. The Bishop talked clearly and easily (he has an admirable enunciation, and is, as I have said, an excellent public speaker), and the conversation went on without flagging or losing its interest till I thought it was time to leave. He reads English, and told me that he had read my study of his old friend the Abbé Perreyve, and had found it truthful and just, though, of course, some reserves had to be made for differences of opinion.¹ This essay on Perreyve had convinced him beforehand that I could not write coarse articles against his religion. He then kindly promised to accept and read a book of mine called *Round my House*, in which there are some not unfriendly allusions to a French bishop

who, when that book was written, had not been very long in his diocese. When I left, the Bishop asked if I had seen the inside of the palace, and very kindly showed me all the principal rooms and the grand staircase, noble rooms, of which any two would have suited me for a library and studio. The staircase is very vast and very white, and when we got there, the Bishop accused me of thinking that it wanted frescoes, which it certainly does.

So ends the little story of a *Journaliste malgré Lui*. The fact is that in rural France the distinction between a journalist and a writer in books and reviews is not very clearly understood. Even yet some people suspect me of being correspondent of an English newspaper, for do not I write in the *Portefeuille*, which is a daily paper in London? And now that I have written this long letter for Mac—MacFarlane's daily journal, am I not a newspaper correspondent in every sense of the word? This is why I respectfully beg the reader, if he is so ingenious as to guess my name, just to leave me in the obscurity which is most in accordance with my taste. I have been as much celebrated of late in these parts as Mr. Gladstone is in London, and, to tell the truth, I prefer peace and quietness to pistols and renown, and like to see the newspapers on the table at my club without expecting to be the object of their leading articles. It is pleasant too, by contrast, when I see a *café* crammed with people, to think that my character and habits no longer form the sole subject of conversation, and that the fashionable society in the aristocratic *châteaux* has got something else to talk about than the deplorable radicalism of the apparently respectable Englishman. The dispersion of the Jesuits has served me a good turn by diverting public attention, and though I consider the measure somewhat harsh, I secretly think it, in my own interest, opportune.

¹ This referred, no doubt, to my assertion that liberal Catholicism is merely a dream, impossible after the publication of the *Syllabus*. Many Catholics (including priests) are most sincerely liberal in heart, but they are so inconsistently (happy inconsistency!) with recent developments of their creed.

THE IRONCLAD AND GUN OF THE FUTURE.

AMONG the subjects of importance demanding prompt and serious consideration, the expected great changes in maritime warfare may well claim the foremost place, bearing, as they manifestly do, upon our national position, food supplies, and commerce, and the security of our harbours and our colonies. In the belief that the question must be of such interest to all classes, non-combatants as well as combatants, that this article will be read by many who have paid no attention to armoured-ships and gunnery, the writer will endeavour to avoid technical terms while entering into fuller details than would be necessary for those professionally conversant with such matters.

The most surprising, almost alarming, prediction of the present day, is the confident assertion we may hear at times seriously made, that our superb ordnance, as well as the magnificent guns which showed such wonderful accuracy, penetrative power, and long range, when tried last summer at Meppen, would be found useless were they employed under the most favourable circumstances against the type of vessel recently designed.

The successive victories won by guns over metal plates, however much strengthened, set the brains of many a naval constructor hard at work to devise a form for his ship that would baffle the attack, and curious are the alterations that have already been made and proposed. We see defensive powers given to vessels by allowing but little of their hull to appear above water, thereby making the sea act as a rampart; and under-water decks are becoming so general that the want will be more and more felt of a gun that would drive its projectile

undeviatingly through water. We are building the *Polyphemus*. In Italy, Signori Mattei and Bren have launched a formidably-armed vessel of great length with wooden sides, and no protecting plates, in order that shells may pass through without meeting sufficient resistance to make them explode,¹ but with her deck, which is described as lying below the water line, so well defended with metal plates that the heaviest shots at direct fire, though striking it with the greatest velocity, would glance upwards instead of penetrating. She has great speed, and such an unheard-of capacity for carrying coal — principally owing to her numerous small water-tight compartments being cleverly used as bunkers — that she can continue slowly steaming at sea for half the year without entering a port or ever extinguishing her fires.

Last month thousands witnessed, after an imposing ceremony, the successful launch of the *Ivadiah* so much talked about during the few months the strangely-shaped ship was building in the extensive yards of Messrs. John Elder and Co. She has been well described as being in form like a turbot 235 feet long, 153 broad, and 18 thick, carrying on her back a sumptuous saloon and large apartments for the luxurious accommodation of the Emperor of Russia and his suite. From her singular buoyancy, even with all her machinery on board, she will only have a draught of 6½ feet, leaving her widely projecting fins high above the water-line. She will be driven by three distinct sets of

¹ Owing to the velocity of the shot the fibres in pine wood seem to part and return, rather than break. Any one who had not seen it would be surprised at the smallness of the hole, and the little mischief done.

engines, having a total of 10,500 horse indicated power. Many scientific men think she will skim over the water with a speed exceeding 14 knots an hour. She could be steered by screws should she lose her rudder, and could steam into port with one engine were the other two disabled.

She is now a superb, harmless yacht; but, with a skin of armour-plates, fins lined with an iron triangular belt of great depth, low turrets containing powerful guns mounted on the disappearing principle (all which from her extreme buoyancy could be easily carried) in lieu of her magnificent cabins, her admirers maintain she would prove a fish-of-war that could not be captured in the ordinary manner, as the heaviest projectiles driven with the utmost velocity would glance off her slightly-sloped deck and bottom. Reflection would convince nearly all that this judgment, though so wounding to our national vanity, must be correct. She promises to be such a success that the Emperor is stated to have ordered another of similar build.

The descriptions of the *Livadia* while she was on the stocks, vary in many particulars; but there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the account of Admiral Selwyn's proposed type of war-ship, for he gave it himself in a very interesting and instructive paper read at the Royal United Service Institution, and printed in their last February number (No. ciii.). That journal is extensively circulated abroad, and the subject will receive much attention. The example first set by Admiral Popoff in Russia is being gradually followed, with alterations, by other countries, and numerous will be the discussions respecting the best mode of meeting the novel system of defence. As a type of what he recommends, and appropriately terms "the most powerful ironclad," Admiral Selwyn minutely describes a far more formidable ship than the *Livadia*, were she fully armoured and armed, though of much the same character.

His ship would carry sixteen of our best guns, mounted on Colonel Moncrieff's carriages, sunk out of sight (in two separate gun-pits), on revolving platforms, so that each gun fires as it comes round, without any detention from loading; ten of these guns in the foremost pit of 122 feet diameter, six in the other of 100 feet diameter. As the platform revolves, each gun rises from below, fires and then descends. These wide platforms (constructed on the principle of railway turn-tables) are supposed to be capable of revolving at the rate of about once in three minutes; therefore on the assumption that large guns can fire three shots in ten minutes, a pit with six guns could fire once in little more than every half-minute. Thus with two pits (holding sixteen guns), it is considered that two shots could easily be fired every half minute. Each gun has the usual racers, and can be trained on an extensive arc without interfering with its neighbour. The ship would be fast and handy, notwithstanding her large dimensions. She would be fast, because her whole form under water would be one of "entrance and exit" (spoon-shaped—no straight-lined middle body—not very unlike the part of a duck that is below the surface when swimming), and because she would be driven by strong hydraulic propellers—a means of propulsion long and ably advocated by Admiral Sir George Elliot, which many men of a mechanical turn of mind regard as possessing great advantages over both paddle and screw, especially when the ship begins to roll or pitch. And, what for fighting purposes is of far more consequence, she would be singularly handy, since, by small turbines acting in opposite directions, she would revolve on her own centre in one minute, because drawing little water she would meet with but little resistance—or she could be suddenly stopped or backed by turning a bar-tap, reversing the flow of water in the pipes. She would have no rudder, nor any kind of side,

plated or unplated. It was argued that she would be a safe, comfortable sea-boat, and have an unusually steady platform. Her buoyancy would be enormous, as, from her upwardly-spreading form, each foot as successively submerged would displace more water than its predecessor. Arrangements are designed for expeditiously pumping out water that might perchance enter into any of her numerous water-tight compartments. Her length at the water-line would be 380 feet, her beam 180, so there would be ample capacity for a large crew, and space round the strongly-protected edge for sufficient coal, stowed in bunkers—a great aid in resisting penetration—to last for ten days at full steaming-power. On an emergency she could carry twice the quantity. The pits, like the deck, are provided with large covers plated with two or three-inch armour, called by the admiral “the upper deck,” which, by hydraulic presses, are lowered flush with the stationary part of the deck when preparing for action, lest a shot should enter either battery as she rolled, or was exposed to close shrapnel-fire. It is supposed that from her extreme buoyancy it would not be found necessary to cover the pits in weather that would oblige other ships to batten down. With the pits covered it is considered that she could not be seriously injured on deck by any projectiles we possess, although the plates are so thin, nor could her armoured bottom be injured, owing to the smallness of the angle which, it is confidently assumed (judging by the engraving), the bottom would make with a horizontal plane. Any projectile with spiral rotation would glance off it. The angle becomes yet less when the line of the trajectory is deflected by gravity. As an evidence how easily the best projectiles with spiral rotation are turned aside on meeting sloping surfaces, a painful occurrence may here be mentioned that happened at Plymouth in 1864. An Armstrong-shot, fired from the citadel,

ricocheted at a considerable angle from wave to wave, unfortunately meeting each obliquely, until at length it struck a boat, and unhappily killed one of her crew. It led to the trial at Exeter for manslaughter of the officer commanding the district, and to “the general’s being placed,” as a local paper exultingly observed, “in the felon’s dock.” Excepting to vertical fire, which is seldom useful against ships, it seems to be undeniable that the admiral’s type of vessel could be made invulnerable to every description of spirally rotating projectiles, however powerful. The momentous question thus arises—should it become necessary to attack such ships, how is it to be done?

Torpedoes need not be considered, for they would be nearly equally dangerous to all classes of vessels, though in the proposed ship it is supposed that from her wide overhang much might be done to make them glance off, or explode harmlessly, especially while she was lying at anchor. Nor need rams be considered, for she turns so quickly that an assailant, even if a much faster vessel, would hesitate about charging, lest the admiral’s ship should at the critical moment swerve aside to avoid the blow, while presenting her axe-shaped overhang (virtually a ram) to rip open her opponent’s bow. Novel modes of defence often necessitate novel modes of attack. If, as many maintain, a ship of this kind be not too far in advance of the spirit of the age, but one which will gradually become the ironclad of the future, what will be the gun of the future? Obviously it cannot be our present gun, as it would be the height of rashness, and in direct violation of mechanical laws, to attack armoured decks and bottoms so sloped, with any guns giving such rotation to their projectiles as would cause them to glance off. To penetrate them, it seems certain that the gun of the future, whatever may be its form and the form of its projectile, must impart vertical rotation to that projectile, in order that it may

rotate in a plane at, or nearly at, a right angle to slopes deviating but little from a horizontal plane. But how is this to be obtained? It may not be the best plan, but many years have passed since it was shown that such rotation could be given by a simple mechanical contrivance—without any strain to the gun, or exaction on the force of the powder—to a double frustum-shaped projectile of little or great weight (which, to distinguish it from cylindrical or spherical shot, was called a disc) fired from a light, short smooth-bore, in a manner proposed at a time when no one could imagine that a different principle of constructing ordnance would become a necessity, since it was then daily improving in power, and perceptibly gaining the mastery over the increasing thickness given to defensive *vertically* fixed armour-plates. The disc stood vertically in the muzzle and was checked on starting at a spot on its edge by a catch, and thus forced to rotate vertically in its flight. During the following twelve years the projector remained silent, though his opinion regarding the merits of vertical rotation without rifling never varied, but the late surprising changes, and projected changes in the form of men-of-war have so greatly altered circumstances that he felt he ought no longer to continue inactive in a matter of vital and peculiar importance to the nation, seeing that our stake at sea far exceeds that of any other country. He therefore reverted to the subject last November in a memorandum printed for private circulation, but his warnings met with so little attention that he has considered it a duty to write this article for more extensive publication. Those however, who had taken the trouble of carefully reading the memorandum, fully concurred with him in thinking that some energetic steps should be promptly taken to prevent the possibility of our being at no very distant day wholly unprepared to encounter formidable ships pre-

sending no armoured sides to batter, but merely armoured decks and bottoms, which no guns yet invented could penetrate. The extent to which the power of the present type of ordnance could eventually be raised is quite an unknown quantity, for various are the opinions of the most celebrated manufacturers as to the best mode of constructing guns, and as to the best metal, or combination of metals, that should be used.

One manufacturer recommends that they be formed of cast tubes of compressed steel, pressing one on the other.

Another, that they be formed of a tube of wrought-iron, strengthened with an outside coating of steel.

Another, that the interior be formed of massive steel, inclosed in rings of steel.

Another, that an iron interior be encased in hoops of steel.

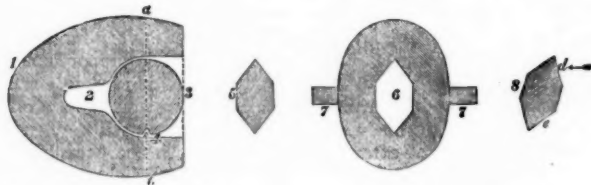
Another, that the guns be formed of a bronze, of which the proportions of the component parts are kept secret by the foreign government employing them.

Various, too, are the systems of rifling, and the amount of spirality, that have severally their warm advocates. There is no certainty as to the best form and length for the cylindrical projectiles, and there is equal uncertainty regarding the best plan for breech-loading. A few makers still retain a predilection for muzzle-loaders, and powder is very far from a settled question. The proportions of the ingredients are kept rigidly secret by the Italian Government, as well as those of the metals used by General Rosset in casting the core of his successful, and singularly cheap gun. In this warlike age so many minds are given to the subject that there are good grounds for believing that further improvements in ordnance will be introduced in many countries. The authorities at Woolwich purpose giving greater power to our guns by adding to the length of the barrel; whereby the gas will act for a longer time on

the projectile, and thus add to its velocity, notwithstanding the increased density of the column of air packed in its front. A Victoria Cross, Colonel Hope, proposes a radical change—a wonderful improvement! Every one must heartily wish that he may not be too sanguine. He asserts that guns can be manufactured as efficient in every respect as at present, and yet be only one-fifth of the weight; and he boldly offers to bear all the expense attendant on the requisite trials should their result show that he is wrong. In such an important matter it will be best to quote his own words spoken at a large meeting. He said: "I have recently submitted to the War Office and the Admiralty an offer to construct guns for the use of the navy of three kinds. The smallest is $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons, guaranteed to beat the 38-ton gun in every particular, effecting a saving of 80 per cent in weight, 60 per cent in money, and from 90 to 95 per cent in time of construction, or not to be paid for. The second is a 16-ton gun, guaranteed to beat the 80-ton in every particular, or not to be paid for. The third is a $28\frac{1}{2}$ -ton, guaranteed to equal an Armstrong 150-ton gun, or not to be paid for." The details of his invention are unknown to the public, but the little weight of his guns shows they must be very short, which in

many ways is an immense advantage. We must, however, anxiously wish that his projectiles may not have spiral rotation. If they have, whatever may be their power against upright armour, the assertion will be persistently made that neither his guns, nor the guns of any country, as long as such rotation is adhered to, will be able to cope with the coming strangely-formed leviathans of the deep. All reasoning seems to show that recourse must be had to vertical rotation. The struggle of the guns will no longer be with armour fixed vertically, but with armour fixed almost horizontally—which points to a contest of vertical rotation without rifling *versus* spiral rotation with rifling.

In great contrast with the diversity of opinion on nearly every essential point in the construction of rifled guns, their projectiles and their powder, is the simplicity of all the parts in the proposed short, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore. In it the principal object sought is to give its projectile the largest minor diameter compatible with no vacuum in flight, and the quickest-burning powder compatible with safety. At page 41 in the *Woolwich Treatise* of 1847, the object of rifling is stated to be "to give the necessary amount of rotation with a minimum pressure upon the grooves, or upon the studs, ribs, or soft coating of the projectile itself by



1. Vertical longitudinal section of gun.
2. Powder chamber.
3. Section of disc projectile through major axes.
4. Notch in circumference of disc, and catch in muzzle.
5. Section of disc through minor axis.
6. Transverse section of gun through $a\ b$.
7. Trunnion.

8. Section of disc through minor axis inclined from a horizontal plane. A side wind blowing in the direction of the arrow acts more forcibly against d than c , and therefore tends to make the disc travel more vertically. The influence of a side wind on a flat-sided, round-edged disc (the central section of a sphere) would be just the reverse, as could be exemplified by throwing a flat stone with a spin.

the most simple means, and with the least possible loss of power." The novel principle of construction we are now dealing with combines the advantages of the rifle with those of the smooth-bore, and of breech-loading with muzzle-loading. It gives an amount of rotation in the plane of the trajectory that in reality becomes a spin "with the least possible loss of power," as the six sides forming the interior of the muzzle are perfectly smooth.

In 1864 a brass gun was roughly cast on the above plan, but, through ignorance, was made so light in the middle that the first shot stretched it. The sharp edge at the circumference of the disc was a little rounded, in order to save the angle that received the edge from being made unnecessarily acute. It rotated on its short axis, which, being in the geometrical centre, and in the centre of gravity, was the natural stable axis, from which (unlike the cylindro-conoidal) it could have no tendency to depart, however slow the rotation. It was rolled in while in a vertical position, and fitted at first so closely into the short muzzle that there was little if any windage. Two curved iron bars meeting in front of the muzzle (each working on a clasp-knife hinge) should press against the edge of the disc to show that it was run home, and aid the catch in retaining it in position. The strength of the catch is not very severely taxed. Pressing against it—never striking it—the disc starts with a smooth rolling motion.

For port-hole duty this gun would manifestly be cast longer in the muzzle.

Could the experimental gun have borne the strain, an attempt would have been made to expel the projectiles with gun-cotton; but common powder was used, and that proved too strong for the weak piece. The gas acts on so large a surface of the disc that no very powerful charge is required, but merely one that will exert all its expelling force almost instan-

taneously. Apparently, therefore, gun-cotton should, as a rule, be employed, could the violence of its action be brought under such control as to allow of its being ignited with safety in guns of large calibre; or possibly a preparation of dynamite might be used, were science able to so tone down its explosive character as to admit of its employment. It is likely that the powder-charge would prove the principal difficulty, but such strides have of late been made in chemical progress, that he must be a bold man who will say that the difficulty is insurmountable. Until a better charge be found, common powder might be ignited in many parts simultaneously through different channels. There would be no danger of an accident, however powerful the charge, were the gun made of Whitworth's compressed steel, judiciously apportioned to meet the several strains. Whatever might eventually be the nature of the charge, there would be the satisfaction of always endeavouring to make it exert its utmost power, and of knowing that no risk to a gunner could arise from a failure—whereas, with the present large-grained powder, the endeavour is to restrict its action within certain limits, and no one can feel certain that these may not occasionally be exceeded. To obtain slow combustion, in order that the expelling gas gradually generated may to the last moment exert a strong pressure upon the projectile travelling along the spiral grooves, the powder is kneaded into large lumps, which vary in size and form, according to the judgment of the manufacturer. Should these lumps break, the explosion would be so rapid and violent as to burst any gun only intended to withstand the strain of a slow-burning charge. Through shaking in transport, some grains might at times be so broken as to render the charge more destructive to friends than to foes. It is an anxious thought that in the excitement of a close, well-contested action it is possible, through some

over-haste in ramming home, or inadvertence in loading, for the contents of a charge to become more or less bruised, and thus endanger the lives of those in the vicinity of the gun. To this cause some attribute the bursting of the inner tube of the 100-ton breech-loader in the *Duilio*.

As the instant the confining bars are forced asunder, the disc¹ rolls out unretarded by rifling, it offers so little resistance to expulsion, that the recoil must necessarily be little. There is none of the usual long-continued action within the barrel, of a slowly receding gun driven backwards from its rapidly advancing shot, by which recoil commences before the shot makes its exit—and as from the shortness of the muzzle, the disc has not to drive out a column of condensed air packed in its front, it is reasonable to think it would possess great initial velocity; and equally reasonable to infer that from its sharp edge, with little or no vacuum in its rear, it would have long-sustained velocity.

Though tried in its injured state, and fired through only one touch-hole, the officer commanding the artillery, and the officer commanding the gunnery ship at Plymouth, respectively gave the following certificates:—

“ROYAL ARTILLERY DISTRICT OFFICE,
“DEVONPORT, 12th Dec. 1864.

“I was one of the spectators when the disc-shot was fired from Bovisand in the direction of the Shagstone rock. The weight of the disc was four pounds two ounces, that of the powder six ounces.² The

¹ A push from a child's hand would set an upright heavy wheel rolling, that its utmost strength could not move were it lying on the ground.

² Only one-eleventh the weight of the disc. In Krupp's small guns the powder was more than one-third the weight of the shot. In one of them the powder was thirty-three pounds and the shot eighty-eight pounds. With Armstrong's muzzle-loaders for the four gunboats sent to China the battering charge was little less than half the weight of the shot, viz., powder, 235 lbs.; shot, 535 lbs. The amount of powder generally used may be regarded as running from one-third to three-eighths the weight of the shot—a proportion that, from its bulk as well as weight, most detrimentally adds to the difficulties of carriage.

estimated range was about 2,000 yards before it touched the water. There was no ricochet.

“A. A. SHUTTLEWORTH,
“Colonel Commanding Royal Artillery
“Western District.”

“H.M.S. ‘CAMBRIDGE,’
“12th Dec. 1864.

“I was present when Major-General Hutchinson's gun, throwing a disc-shaped projectile, was fired from H.M.S. *Cambridge*. Three shots were fired. Projectile weighed four pounds two ounces; powder six ounces. The first shot at the 1,000 yards target was very satisfactory, the direction excellent. The rotation seemed to be perfect. The shot passed a short distance over the target. The two next shots were indifferent, which I attribute either to the projectile not being properly fitted to the gun, or else to the gun³ itself being injured. So long as the rotatory motion can be preserved I see no reason why great accuracy should not be obtained in striking an object.

“C. F. J. EWART,
“Captain, H.M.S. ‘Cambridge.’”

Captain Ewart could write “excellent,” because, although the muzzle was so short that it only just covered the disc, there was ample length to govern the direction. With good fitting the disc could not swerve from any of the six nearly equal planes that guided it. All the shots would have been good had the gun preserved the “mechanical fit” to its projectile which gives such great precision to Sir Joseph Whitworth's guns and rifles. The last few inches of a barrel, however long, govern the direction of the shot. The least bend at the muzzle of any description of gun causes a divergence of the shot that will be similar in every round. That the “rotatory motion” would be preserved was well exemplified by an experiment made by Mr. G. L. Edwards (lately a civil engineer in India) with a very small model built according to the described plan. He wrote to the effect that a four-ounce disc, after cutting a clean hole through a five-inch target of hard elm, pene-

³ That gun, and a larger model in wood, have been for many years at the United Service Institution.

trated two inches deep into a brick wall where it seemed to have spun round and round. It was so little damaged, notwithstanding its sharp edge, that it was quite fit, he observed, for a second discharge. The rapidity with which it passed through the wood prevented the rotation from being much diminished. All the surfaces of a disc are so smooth that there is nothing to check rotation in the longest flight—no studs, no projections to be met and resisted by the air. It was the wobbling, consequent on the bad fitting of the disc, after the stretching of the muzzle that caused the last two shots to be bad. What a gun has done once it must invariably do again, providing the circumstances are precisely similar.

It seems reasonable to think that no slope however slight given to armoured decks or bottoms could save them from being penetrated by a heavy shot of any form provided it had vertical rotation. With the rotation of an advancing carriage-wheel the upper edge of the projectile on striking a ship's bottom would receive an impulse upwards, crashing through any double bottom or cellular compartments. With reverse rotation the lower edge of the projectile would receive an impulse downwards; and this could be given to the disc by fixing the catch above instead of below. Or the gun might be turned underside uppermost, the bottom having been previously furnished with sights.

A projectile of any shape having the rotation of an advancing wheel would be admirably suited for sweeping parapets—could be made a *projected mitrailleur*¹ effective at an immense distance, discharging its bolts with a horizontal trajectory without destroying its efficiency as a rapidly rolling shot—could be composed of many

laminae loosely hung on an axle (coned from the centre), which, separating during their vertical flight and whirling rapidly along the ground, would prove most destructive to cavalry or infantry. Of course it could be made a large shell—an immense shell if the little weight of the gun be considered.

Short, light guns, like Colonel Hope's, or the disc-type, mean little strain to narrow platforms, and suggest the erection of small, light, yet formidable forts at the end of breakwaters, and in positions where heavier structures would not find a sufficiently stable foundation. These guns being too short to become heated can be fired as fast as loaded, and thus made to do the work of nearly double the number of the ordinary type.

Many years ago, by experiments made with a gun laid at low tide, and fired at high tide, it was shown that double the ordinary bottom of a ship could be penetrated at thirty feet distance by a spherical shot starting in water from a state of rest. Through what distance would not a sharp-edged disc, with the cutting action of a circular saw, entering water with great velocity, and a very rapid spin, accomplish a similar feat?

As short guns, similar in character to Colonel Hope's or of the disc type, when mounted on Moncrieff-carriages, are peculiarly well adapted for firing from a low, non-revolving, simply-constructed ship's turret of little diameter, it is reasonable to anticipate that a swift vessel of little tonnage, presenting but a small target to the enemy, if furnished with but one of these guns, might often prove more than a match for the most powerful ironclad ever launched, from its being able to penetrate below her armour-plating even when not rolling? What would be her chance of safety against half a dozen of such liliputian assailants?

would be fired in rapid succession by a flat circular-shaped slow match lying in the plane of the major axes.

¹ Numerous circular or hexagonal holes (barrels) would be drilled in each solid frustum, parallel to the minor axis, with the powder-chamber of a smaller diameter, in order that the lead-projectile when driven home with a sharp blow should so spread as to prevent the entry of gas. The barrels

Assuming that the Hope-gun proved a success, or that science and good workmanship could make the disc-type of gun a thoroughly efficient piece of ordnance for all purposes, the security of Admiral Selwyn's class of ships might be much increased; since the substitution of short for long guns in the pits, would permit their diameters to be diminished, and thus decrease the risk of shot or shell entering them. Moreover, each gun being light could easily be provided with a turn-table (fixed to the revolving platform) on which it could traverse in any direction when an opening in the deck of sufficient size for the working of one gun would then serve for all in succession. Should it be thought better to retain the long guns, they could, though so heavy, be furnished each with its own turn-table. They might require an increase of space to be worked in, but it would be judicious to give it, and have a somewhat smaller number of guns than what the Admiral has named, as the "upper deck" and "hydraulic presses" would then become unnecessary — incumbrances which present the only drawback to his valuable proposition of adopting pits with revolving platforms in lieu of turrets. The general direction of the aim of every gun would be given to it before it made its momentary appearance above deck. The platforms revolving flush with the lower deck, the gunners are spared the inhaling of an atmosphere often much vitiated by the gas which cannot escape from a turret.

No one denies the advantage, nay the necessity, of arming many of our best merchant steamers for offence as well as defence on the outbreak of a war; but, unfortunately, few of our trading steamers are capable of carrying long heavy guns.

This subject was twice admirably handled in papers read at the United Service Institution by Mr. Donald Currie, and ably discussed by Admiral Sir Spencer Robinson and other officers who were present at the meetings. They will wish that the Hope or the

disc may prove a useful gun, as neither would occupy much space, nor strain the smallest vessels, nor endanger their stability, while both guns give a promise of being so handy that any crew would soon learn to work them efficiently.

Surely these light guns present themselves at a very opportune moment, for it is confidently asserted that swift vessels are now on the stocks in more countries than one, with the hardly disguised object of intercepting our traders and crippling our commerce at the commencement of hostilities. We read in the *Times* of the 3rd of last April, of a cruiser of this character building near Toulon.

Some sixteen years ago, although the good qualities of the disc-type of ordnance appeared to several to be theoretically undeniable, and to a certain extent to have been confirmed by trial, yet the assertion that the existing system of construction (unchanged since the first formation of cannon) was injudicious in principle, seemed so presumptuous, and the proposal to project heavy shot from an inexpensive light smooth-bore with rapid rotation, precision and velocity, appeared so visionary that no one had a right to feel disappointment at the crude experiments commenced and relinquished in 1864, not having been followed up by Government.

Artillerists may be pardoned for not bestowing any consideration on a scheme so diametrically at variance with long-established usage—so entirely opposed to the prevailing ideas of the advantages of rifled ordnance, long barrels, and rotation round an axis identical with the axis of the gun. Yet every reflecting Englishman, whether artillerist or not, must begin to feel some anxiety respecting possible future contingencies. However unpleasant the admission, no attempt can long conceal the startling fact that *well-armoured decks and bottoms sloped as recently designed, cannot be penetrated by any guns we possess or ever shall possess, however much they may be*

improved, as long as they impart spiral rotation to their projectiles.

The all-important question is, if neither Colonel Hope's powerful guns, nor the described discs of immense weight, spinning vertically either backwards or forwards, impinging with a rotation at or nearly at a right angle to the projected armoured decks and bottoms, and striving to cut through like a circular-saw, will not prove effective, what can be done? It is certain that the anticipated changes in ships of war would give such an immense superiority to the defence at sea over the attack, that something must be promptly devised if we are to retain the same confidence in future maritime warfare that we so justly possessed in the past.

The prejudices and opposition naturally to be expected in the attempt to introduce vertical rotation, are not

greater than those which at first resisted the supersession of wood by iron in ship-building, and it is earnestly hoped that this very momentous subject, "the Ironclad and Gun of the future," may attract the attention of many who, unfettered by routine and old ideas, instead of resting calmly content in the comforting belief that all must be right with our splendid ordnance, will consider it a duty to look well ahead, and, seeing the danger that too surely menaces our shipping and commerce, will, from patriotic motives, endeavour to arouse public attention to a timely conviction that if we adhere to our present principle of constructing guns, we shall be found, when the hour of trial arrives, totally unable to repel the truly formidable class of assailants lately invented.

W. N. HUTCHINSON,

General.

A SPECIAL ASSIZE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

WE wonder how many of our readers would turn to a volume of law reports with the expectation of finding in it a lively picture of the times to which it referred. Despite the charm with which Mr. Froude has invested his history, we are firmly persuaded that the statutes at large are very sombre reading. Yet, let no one, who lights by accident on Fléclier's *Mémoires sur les Grand Jours tenus à Clermont*, be deterred from its perusal on learning that *Les Grand Jours* is the name applied to special assizes held at various dates by royal authority in the more distant provinces of France. Bishop Fléclier's narrative, composed in early life, is charming reading, spiced with gossip and piquant scandal, with prolix and, truth to say, occasionally prosaic love stories, with the quarrels of rival abbesses and discordant convents, with the witcheries of sorcery and magic. Nor is the reflex of its time less accurate because his tone in speaking of the fair sex is not a little startling to modern ideas of a celibate priesthood. But the work is not merely a graphic picture of French provincial life in the seventeenth century, it also affords an insight into the misadministration of justice which was so deep a disgrace to the feudal noblesse, that its removal by royal despotism met with almost universal welcome.

Despite the severity with which Richelieu had suppressed the license of the great nobles, it was almost inevitable that excesses should occur during the foreign and domestic wars which desolated France for thirty years in the first half of the seventeenth century. The mischief was of course the greatest in those provinces which were most remote from the central government; and in Auvergne

the general misrule and disorder had become intolerable, when Louis XIV. issued a commission dated August 31, 1665, conferring absolute powers, and embracing nearly every imaginable case for a special assize. The court, thus appointed, comprised sixteen councillors of the Parliament of Paris, with one of its Presidents as Chief Justice; and it is characteristic of the mode in which justice was then manipulated that the selection of M. Potier, Seigneur de Novion, as President, occasioned no little comment, because he was distantly connected by marriage with the seneschal of Claremont, the Marquis de Pont du Château, one of the foremost and guiltiest of those who would be arraigned before his tribunal. Next to the President, M. de Caumartin, the king's *Maître des Requêtes* and dispenser of the royal pardons, held a commanding influence in the proceedings of the court, which were directed by M. Denis Talon, the illustrious son of a more illustrious sire, who, as the attorney-general (*ad hoc*), was the leading counsel for the prosecution.

No sooner was the king's purpose known than a lively competition arose between the cities of Riom and Clermont for the honour of being selected as the seat of the *Grand Jours*. This knotty point settled, the judges were welcomed on their arrival with the most elaborate ceremonial of a ceremonious age. The local archives retain ample records of the separate notabilities—*echevins, maires*, and consuls, in robes and carriages of state; *bourgeoisie* and nobles on horseback; cathedral canons, and episcopal officials, who, in graduated order of precedence, with punctilious minutiae of respect, and at prescribed intervals of space, first presented their addresses of wel-

come, and then swelled the judicial cortège on its public entry. The city had put on holiday attire. New paint and pavement beautified the streets and smoothed the journey along what Fléchier ungratefully calls the most detestable town in all France. So prolonged was the welcome that, although it was but three o'clock on a fine September afternoon when the first halt was made, a torch-light procession accompanied the bearers of the *vin d'honneur*, consisting of twelve dozen and nine bottles of the finest wine. Nor must we omit that the judges' ladies were duly complimented with half a dozen boxes of rich *confitures*. Next day, more ceremonial and visits of state, fresh airing of provincial learning and eloquence, solemn mass and episcopal benediction of the judges, and then the business of the assize commenced in good earnest.

Ample and authoritative as were the powers conferred by the Royal Commission, it was thought desirable to call in the aid of spiritual terrors. In the case of any special murder or incendiary fire it was not then unusual to issue an ecclesiastical *Monitoire*, commanding the faithful, under pain of excommunication, to reveal what they knew about the matter; but so many crimes now called for detection and punishment, that a wider admonition was indispensable. Accordingly, my lord Stephen Charles, Bishop of Clermont, put forth an exhaustive document to be read on three successive Sundays at morning service throughout his diocese. All those who had any cognizance of persons guilty of assassination, theft, pillage, rape, assault, and other crimes and misdemeanours; all who knew the place of their retreat, or where they had conveyed their papers and effects, or those who now harboured and concealed them, were enjoined to denounce them forthwith. The catalogue of misdeeds included in the *Monitoire* comprises many offences unknown to modern criminal procedure. Forged warrants for the collection of royal and

other taxes, enforced payment in specie and at exorbitant rates of duties only legally payable in kind or of services to be rendered in person, intimidation of legal officials of every grade in furtherance of extortion or in suppression of justice, illegal maintenance of prisons without acknowledged feudal rights, or of subterranean dungeons as well as detention of prisoners who were not under the custody of a resident and duly appointed gaoler; these may serve as samples of the monstrous tyranny and injustice widely practised in Auvergne about the time when the great struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was being waged in England. As the episcopal warning did not answer expectation, and as it was only minatory, and did not pronounce the disobedient to be, *ipso facto*, excommunicate, M. Talon demanded the sterner ceremony of its "fulmination." Hereupon at every church sentence of excommunication, with aggravation and reaggravation, involving exclusion not only from public service, but even from private intercession, was proclaimed against the obstinate. A mournful knell from the belfry accompanied this anathema, which was uttered by the priest and his assistants, holding lighted tapers, and these, as the dread sentence ended, were extinguished and cast to the ground.

Whatever may have caused a dearth of informations, the panic amongst the country gentry was universal. All the provincial nobility fled, and Fléchier gives an amusing account of the terror inspired by the fear of being called to answer for their past misconduct. "Every gentleman," he says, "who remained, examined himself and recalled all the errors of his past life in order to make amends for them. A thousand conversions were wrought, not by Divine grace, but by human justice, and were none the less profitable, because they were constrained. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than in the year of jubilee." These efforts

were quickened by the apprehension of a member of the most powerful and guilty family in Auvergne, M. le Vicomte de la Mothe de Camillac. His arrest had been most cautiously planned and executed. The officer detached for this service with the provost and his guard of archers was forbidden to disclose his errand until the moment of its execution, so that he found immediate admittance, and M. de la Mothe was thunderstruck when summoned to yield himself a prisoner. He had loudly blamed the obstinacy of some of his friends who neglected his advice to fly, but he had never entertained a suspicion of his own safety.

The charge against him was one of murder, under what was then considered extenuating circumstances. During the Civil War he had been commissioned by the great Condé to raise some regiments of cavalry, and had handed over some 6,000 francs of the sum entrusted to him for this purpose, to his friend, D'Orsonette, who would neither furnish the troops nor refund the money. Condé, naturally enough, reproached the Vicomte, who thereupon left his service, full of rancour against D'Orsonette. The quarrel grew fiercer as time passed on, until on an evil day the disputants met, each accompanied by a body of servants. M. de la Mothe's party was the most numerous. D'Orsonette and one of his men were wounded, and his falconer was slain. The facts were incontrovertible. A striking example was deemed essential, and despite the entreaties of his family, and a short delay occasioned by an effort to traverse the jurisdiction of the court, the accused was sentenced to death and executed within a month from the commencement of the assize. It affords a significant illustration of the condition of Auvergne to note that the prosecutor in this case and all his witnesses were far more guilty than the prisoner. The prosecutor was accused by his own father of having murdered his own brother, of being a parricide in intention, and of a hun-

dred other crimes. The next principal witness had been condemned for perjury, and was an acknowledged forger. The others were either outlaws or convicts at the galleys. Against M. de la Mothe no other crime was alleged, and he was generally regarded as the most innocent member of his family. Public opinion held that he suffered for having joined the losing side in the Civil War, and for bearing a powerful and deeply-hated name.

The court was next engaged with several charges of witchcraft. The defendant in the first of these causes, a *président de l'élection de Brioude*, must have anticipated and rivalled the most astounding feats of modern spiritualism, since one of his valets asserted that by his cabalistic arts he could float in the air even at church before the whole congregation. The intendant, M. de Fortia, had captured and brought him from Aurillac with no small difficulty through the mountain snows. On being questioned upon this crime of violating the laws of gravity the prisoner at first stormed like one bereft of his senses, but eventually asserted that he was not in a mood to explain himself just then; if they would refrain from pressing him until the morrow he promised to confess all his evil deeds. He was accordingly handed over to the custody of four keepers, from whom he contrived to escape, as well as to elude a hot pursuit maintained for three days. His evasion was considered as unquestionably diabolical. "Voilà," adds the chronicler, "comme le diable est de bonne foi et d'amitié pour ceux qui l'aiment, et comme il trompe même les intendans."

The *abbé's* facile pen turns the next indictment into a pastoral that might serve to inspire the genius of Virgil. A young shepherd and shepherdess, each of course endowed with singular personal attractions, fell in love with one another at first sight. Never was Celadon or Myrtille more winning, never was Astrea or Amarilla so fair. Hand in hand they gathered spring flowers or plucked fruits for one another in turn, or each quenched the other's

thirst with pure water from the spring, made yet more delicious when quaffed from the palm of a lover's hand. At length it was determined that the church's blessing should crown their unsullied affection, and the enamoured pair went in search of the *curé*. On their way they passed a small farm, held by a man of the very worst reputation. Before the farm-house there was a pond with some ducks in it—the wicked farmer's only live stock—and the fair Stephanette's dog sprang into the water and killed two of them. The farmer came out in great wrath, and being aware of their purpose, so bewitched them at the very altar, that the magic spell, with quite inexpressible consequences, lay on them for six days. The *curé* discovered the cause of their trouble, and extorted an admission of his crime from the sorcerer, who confessed that the enchantment had been wrought by pronouncing thrice over a cleft wooden skewer, fastened to a peg of the same material, an incantation so horrible that Fléchier dared not repeat it. The charmed fetish was burned and the newly wedded pair set free. Neither the trial, conducted, as was most of the criminal procedure, with closed doors, nor the sentence is recorded, but the case *proves*, so we are assured, incontestably the reality of magic. Moreover, is it not testified by Deuteronomy and Virgil, by the Salic law and Hincmar of Rheims?

It had been generally supposed that the *Grand Jours* were solely designed to put a stop to the oppression and to punish the violence of the nobles, and great was the astonishment when, at the instigation of M. Talon, a severe edict which at one stroke annihilated all their privileges was issued against the clergy. The indolence of the canons, the licentiousness of disorderly monasteries, many of which claimed exemption from episcopal control, the loose conduct of the nuns in the country districts had produced such widespread dissatisfaction that the public voice applauded this effort at a reformation. The measures adopted

were prompt, stern, and practical. Judges were appointed to visit every benefice, to decide what repairs were necessary, and to enforce their completion. All superiors of monasteries founded within thirty years were to produce their patents of establishment with due verification within fifteen days on pain of suppression. All convents and other ecclesiastical communities were enjoined to hand in a list of the property they had acquired during the last ten years, with their letters of amortisation, under penalty of forfeiture. In compliance with the conditions of their order the canons were in future regularly to attend matins, high mass and vespers daily, and were not to leave the choir until the services were over. Both secular and regular clergy were to be brought under the jurisdiction of the bishops. A year was allowed to such convents as had hitherto not kept their members confined within the convent walls, to immure them more closely, if they failed to do so within the prescribed period they were forbidden to receive any more novices. The laity were prohibited from appropriating tithes or obliging the *curés* to say mass at uncanonical hours. Religious communities of all kinds were to be so reduced in numbers that the society's income should afford its members a decent maintenance.

Great was the outcry of the ecclesiastics against this invasion of their rights. Even a provincial council, they said, would not have been so bold, and the commission was accused of exceeding its powers. Special indignation was excited by its disregard of papal bulls and exemptions, and the cry was raised that the judges were Jansenists and did not hold the doctrine of the pope's infallibility. The decree was issued on the 30th of October, and as a general assembly of the clergy was then sitting in Paris, the Bishop of Clermont applied to it for advice; and it was eventually arranged that the clerics should attend in state at the Louvre on the 10th of December and present a

written statement of their objections. The entire document is too long for insertion, but a few extracts may serve to convey an idea of the warmth with which M. Talon's edict was repelled. "The Church is so overwhelmed, sire, by the blow it has just received from the Court of the *Grands Jours*, that it cannot delay a moment even to give itself time to think in what terms it should demand satisfaction from your Majesty. That Court, with unheard-of and insupportable audacity has even enjoined the lieutenants-general of the bailliwick to visit all the churches and to ascertain whether monastic discipline is properly observed and if the sacraments in the various parishes are duly administered. Your own piety, sire, will fill you with horror at this criminal attempt to wrest from us the direction of the sacraments, and you will not suffer your officials to prescribe maxims which are scarcely admitted even amongst heretics." After such protracted discussion as is inevitable when lawyers and ecclesiastics are in conflict, a royal ordinance forbade the judges to take any cognizance of the administration of the sacraments and confirmed in substance the remainder of the edict.

On the 7th of November the *curé* of St. Babel was condemned to death for a murder committed three years before. He was a man of dissolute character, who, besides other crimes, had corrupted the servant of an elderly lady, to whose dying bed he had been summoned. Perhaps nothing throughout all M. Fléchier's narrative—not even the violence of coarse and cruel men—jars more painfully upon the reader's feelings than the indelicate tone of heartless badinage in which he treats so shocking a subject. He finds in the awful juxtaposition of the sacred and the immoral only occasion for the play of superabundant and mocking antithesis. The crime for which the *curé* was tried originated in another act of immorality. It was believed that he had a mistress concealed in one of the out-buildings of his

dwelling, and as a general murmur of suspicion ran through the village, a peasant watched his opportunity and turned the key upon the guilty pair. The *curé* dissembled his wrath for a time, but eventually waylaid his antagonist and beat him to death. The murdered man was not alone when he was assailed, and his companion at once gave information to the magistrates; but the *curé*, who had the audacity to say mass the next day as usual, was not even put on his defence. His friends set up an *alibi* on his behalf, and on their evidence the charge was dismissed, and he would doubtless have continued to enjoy his benefice had not the *Grand Jours* been appointed. The bishop's official acquiesced in the sentence, although the *curé* persisted to the last in asserting his innocence, and there was reason afterwards to doubt whether the sacristan and not the priest himself was not the actual culprit.

An amusing, if not a very edifying, glimpse of convent life is afforded by the cause of the Priory of S. Marsac, which came next before the court. Madame de Talleyrand, the aged prioress, weary of her cares and longing for repose, persuaded her niece, Mademoiselle de Chalais, reluctantly to leave the Monastery of Montmartre and to join her at S. Marsac, where, after having served for a year as *sous prioress*, she was appointed prioress on her aunt's resignation. The sanction of the court of Rome was obtained and the terms agreed on between the parties, which secured *inter alia* a pension of six hundred livres to the elder lady. Naturally enough differences soon arose. Their old prioress could not but retain some of her authority. The new one could not brook any partition of her power. The sisters were divided into two opposite parties. Fléchier says—we scarce dare transcribe the odious imputation—that the gentler sex generally worship the rising sun, and that for this reason the majority sided with Mademoiselle de Chalais. The elder lady complained in no meek spirit and

did not receive her pension with any greater regularity in consequence. Presently clauses, inserted without her knowledge in the deed of resignation, were produced, by which the cost of her maintenance was to be deducted from her annuity; and hence fresh quarrels, carried to such a pitch that the old lady was forbidden the visitor's parlour and closely watched *à toutes les grilles*. In vain did the higher clergy of the diocese endeavour to smoothe over the difficulty. The authority of the visitor was set at naught, and when the *Grands Jours* opened, the cause was referred to them with no less than four parties to the suit: the two others being a *coterie* of the nuns and M. le Comte d'Albon, each of whom claimed a right of appointing to the benefice. The discretion of M. Talon calmed the agitated breasts of the pious community, and it was finally arranged that Mademoiselle de Chalais should retain her office, and that her aunt should enjoy her pension in full. Rumour whispered that Madame de Talon, the advocate-general's mother, of whom more anon, had been won over by the politic deference of the younger claimant, and had exercised no little influence upon the verdict.

It is mournful amongst the ecclesiastical causes to find the claim of the Canons-Regular of St. Augustine to retain their dependants in Combrailles in such absolute personal slavery that they could not leave their homes without express permission, nor dispose of their property by will; their feudal lords being their heirs to the exclusion even of their nearest relations. Local prescriptive right and long usage could be alleged to enforce a servitude alien to the practice of the early Church, and to the spirit of Christianity, and which was the more galling because many of those who claimed exemption were free-born on the father's side. The pleadings present a strange medley of mediæval law and casuistic theology. M. Talon said the finest things conceivable about slavery and liberty, but all to no pur-

pose; and it was not till a century later that personal slavery was abolished under Necker, throughout the French kingdom.

The gravity of the judges, as well as that of their historian, must have been sorely tried by the plaint of M. Griffet—a physician at Bourbon—against one of the bathing men of that watering-place. Dissensions had arisen between the doctors and their subordinates, and a patient having fainted under the hands of an attendant, who had been signally unruly, the latter, instead of receiving meekly the severe reprimand administered to him, even replied that M. Griffet was “an ass of a doctor.” The whole medical faculty at Bourbon was scandalised, and the high misdeemeanant was brought before the court of the *Grand Jours*. He was sentenced to pay a fine of 100 francs, to beg pardon, and to be suspended from his office for six months; yet the irate doctor was by no means satisfied with this vindication of his dignity.

Acts of violence, too often ending in murder, were rife throughout Auvergne. The lawless spirit engendered by prolonged wars, both foreign and domestic, the prevalence of duelling, and the resort to arms in settlement of every dispute, all contributed to such a result. We could fill our entire space with details of such crimes, many of which are of startling wantonness. Take the following as examples: A party of gentlemen heated with wine is passing noisily through the street of a village on the *fête* day. An acquaintance of one of them looks out of a window, and some ribald “chaff” is exchanged. The strife of tongues waxes hotter by degrees, until the house is entered, and one of the combatants is run through the body by his assailant. On another occasion, after a carouse, the young bloods determine to provoke some quiet person to fight, the lot falls upon one of the most upright gentlemen of the province, and every provocation is forthwith employed to force him to a conflict. M. Fléchier observes that the interference of friends in a quarrel was often most

disastrous to their own side. Under pretence of preventing a duel, a number of persons would quarter themselves in a country gentleman's house, and do him more damage than he would have suffered from the enemy. Officers of justice of every degree were alternately the tools and the victims of the general disorder. With what audacity might strove to overcome right at the very gates of the Louvre is singularly illustrated by the story of M. d'Espinchal. This gentleman—a model of polite scoundrelism—*beau comme un ange et méchant comme un diable*—way-laid one of his opponents (who had presented a petition against him to Louis XIV., and had been promised redress) as he left the palace, with a body of men dressed like royal officers, who hurried him off, and whose purpose would have been inexplicable if he had not recognised a servant of M. d'Espinchal amongst them. Imprisonment by *lettre de cachet* was then so common, and interference so hazardous, that the bystanders disregarded the poor man's cries, and it was by mere accident that he was set at liberty. This outrage was indeed the immediate cause of the *Grand Jours*; but its author, guilty of incredible brutality to his beautiful and innocent wife, of the shameless mutilation and murder of his page, and, as was believed, of one of his own sons, as well as of countless other crimes, escaped the clutches of M. Talon, and lived to complete a remarkable career.

We have already hinted at the influence wielded by Madame Talon over the decisions of the court, and no portion of M. Fléchier's narrative is more vivid or amusing than his description of this energetic and strong-minded lady. Immediately on her arrival she set to work about the reformation of such matters as did not fall within the practice of the court. The charges for provisions, the capacity of weights and measures, the relief of the poor, the care of the sick, and the conduct of the nuns, were all brought in turn under her stern authority. Malicious critics said, indeed, that she had better

have remodelled her *coiffure*, which was of portentous size, in place of rearranging the hospital, and that her interference stifled instead of stimulating charity. We have strange pictures, too, of provincial society. How timid and awkward the country dames were as they crowded to the earlier receptions given in honour of the judges. How sadly coarse and indecorous as soon as the restraint of novelty was worn away. What must social intercourse have been when the momentary removal of the lights into a larger ball-room could at once elicit the orgies of a low *bal masqué*; when a slight disagreement amongst the ladies led to a combat of hair pulling and scratching; and when the favourite dance was the *bouffée d'Auvergne*—a measure apparently derived from the dance of the Bacchantes? Those to whom such a description may appear incredible should recall the manners of our own countrywomen a full century later, as portrayed by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen.

The work accomplished by the court of the *Grand Jours* appears stupendous if it be estimated by the number of cases on which it gave judgment. More than 12,000 causes had been referred to its decision, and it was of course physically impossible that all these should be determined in a session, which, though prolonged beyond its original term, lasted less than four months. Whatever indisposition to buckle to work had been displayed at the outset was abundantly compensated by the rapidity with which causes were cleared off the list at the close. Many were struck out by an order which removed all trials involving values below a certain amount to the ordinary tribunals. Others were referred to the different courts of law in the capital. Even then so great was the pressure of business, that on January 30th, 1666, the last day of the assizes, no less than fifty-three indictments were laid against contumacious criminals, who were summarily condemned in seventeen different decrees. Some half-a-dozen executions—Le Vicomte de la

Mothe de Canillac being the only noble who was put to death—represent the entire vindication in the form of capital punishment exacted by this special assize for the offended majesty of the law. In striking contrast stands the list of judgments *de contumace*, which comprises the following items:—Condemned to be hung, 273; to banishment for a term of years, 96; to be beheaded, 44; to be broken alive on the wheel, 32; to the galleys, 28; to be scourged as well as banished, 3. It should be added that out of this total, 272 were only in confirmation of sentences passed by other tribunals, and only 201 resulted from the immediate action of the *Grand Jours*. The list of the expenses of the assize contains a curious item arising out of these judgments *de contumace*, viz., that of payment to the painter for the effigies of those who did not suffer in person. On a single day no less than thirty of these tableaux were exhibited and beheaded at the place of execution, where the headless portrait remained for twenty-four hours. It is said that more than one noble culprit was an amused spectator in disguise of his own decapitation, and M. Fléchier indulges in many characteristic pleasantries over so genial a subject.

Hardly less valuable than the authoritative condemnation pronounced, if not carried out, by the court of the *Grand Jours*, were the regulations it drew up for the future administration of justice in Auvergne. Their elementary character brings out into strong relief the urgent need for radical reforms. They enjoined—1. That none but persons of integrity and ability should be appointed judges. 2. That the judges should be scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of their duties, and should perform them without fees in all criminal cases as well as in civil causes in which either party had to plead *in forma pauperis*. 3. That information should be given in every case of compromise between the judges or the feudal lords and the defendants

in a suit. 4. That the judges should pass sentence in accordance with the full rigour of the penalties ordained by statute, and should not mitigate them under the pretext of obtaining the acquiescence of the guilty in the judgment pronounced against them. 5. It was forbidden in future to obtain the assent to their sentences of those who were condemned to death or to the galleys. 6. Prisons were to be maintained strong, and in good condition, with a fixed gaoler and a register of prisoners. 7. Subsistence was to be provided for those in confinement, and a record of all trials was to be preserved at the court-house. Another ordinance of no less importance to the labouring class prescribed the *corvée* or forced labour which might be exacted. The vague character of this imposition had long been the occasion of intolerable oppression and suffering.

It is not to be supposed that all these regulations were at once implicitly observed, or that the licentious habits of years were corrected in a day. The peasantry complained that the *Grand Jours* over, the old system of violence was renewed. The nobles, on the contrary, asserted that the labourers had all bought gloves, and refused any longer to work. Yet the effects of the special assize must not be undervalued; they were, if indirect, yet considerable and lasting. Besides the causes brought into court, large restitutions were made through fear of indictment. A salutary lesson had been given to evil-doers. The poorer classes learned that the law might be exerted in their behalf; the *noblesse*, that their rank would not necessarily ensure immunity from punishment. The king's writ had run, and the officers of justice, unsupported by an armed force, had penetrated to distant mountain recesses where they had hitherto been defied. At least, in comparison with past excesses, peace and order prevailed throughout Auvergne.

HENRY LEACH.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Thursday, July 15th, one of those whom we can least afford to lose in a world such as ours was buried at Brompton. The funeral was strictly private, no invitations having been issued or any notice given of time or place beyond a short announcement in the *Times*. But the group who gathered in the chapel and followed to the grave showed what a blank has been left by Tom Taylor's sudden death, and upon how many sides of our English life his bright and brave spirit had touched and left its mark.

Members of both Houses of Parliament, ambassadors, colleagues grown grey with honour in the public service, artists, literary men, and actors of all ranks—the successful, the struggling, and those for whom the strife had proved too hard—were all there to pay the last tribute of respect and gratitude to the man who had made the life of every one of them more full of light and hope.

For herein lay his main strength and attraction. He was very able in many ways, as scholar, poet, critic, dramatist; but we have had greater men than he in our generation in each one of these lines, and greater men are left amongst us. But where shall we turn for the man who will prove such a spring of pure, healthy, buoyant, and kindly fun for the next, as he has been to us for the last, thirty years?

To those of the mourners—and there were not a few—whose memories could carry them back over those thirty years, the most active and brightest period of his career must have come again very vividly, as it was lived a few hundred yards only from the place where they were met. Thistle Grove, Brompton, is now covered with squares and lines of villas, but was then a quiet district of orchard and nursery ground, bordering a quiet lane, with here and there a country-looking public-house or private residence

standing in its own garden. Amongst these was Eagle Lodge, so called from the figure of that bird over the door, to which he had migrated from the Temple, being now a married man. The house and its surroundings have been touched by a master hand in Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*.

"Claude Mellot seems to have come into a fortune of late years, large enough at least for his few wants. He paints no longer, save when he chooses; and has taken a little old house in one of those back lanes of Brompton where islands of primeval nursery garden still remain undevoured by the advancing surges of the brick and mortar deluge. There he lives, happy in a green lawn and windows opening thereon, in three elms, a cork, an ilex and a mulberry, with a great standard pear, for flower and foliage the queen of all suburban trees. . . . Claude's house is arranged with his usual defiance of all conventionalities. Dining or drawing-room proper there is none. The large front room is the studio, where he and Sabina eat and drink as well as work and paint, and out of it opens a little room, the walls of which are all covered with gems of art (where the rogue finds money to buy them is a puzzle), that the eye can turn nowhere without taking in some new beauty, and wandering on from picture to statue, from portrait to landscape, dreaming and learning afresh after every glance."

So far the picture is true enough (except the probable cost of the works of art), but not so that of the master of the house, "lying on the lawn upon strange skins, playing with cats and dogs, and making love to his Sabina, deluding himself into the belief that he is doing something because he is writing a treatise 'On the Principles of Beauty.'" The strange skins on the lawn were indeed there, and the master lay on them and played with cats and one big, and not very good-tempered, dog, but only on Sundays and summer evenings. His everyday life was as unlike that of Claude Mellot as could be, for besides his office work, which was done most punctually and diligently, he had always a play on the stocks, and work for *Punch*, or the magazines, on hand. He was at his

desk early every morning, often at five o'clock, for three hours work before breakfast, after swallowing a cup of milk. And I believe it was this wealth of work of many kinds which gave such a zest to the recreation at Eagle Lodge on those summer evenings. Then, in play hours, if the company were at all sympathetic—and very little company came there which was not so—he would turn himself loose, and give the rein to those glorious and most genial high spirits, which thawed all reserves, timidities, and conventionalities, and transformed all present for the time being into a group of rollicking children at play, with our host as showman, stage manager, chief tumbler, leader of all the revels. In the power and faculty for excellent fooling, which ran through every mood, from the grotesque to the pathetic, but with no faintest taint of coarseness, or malice, or unkindliness, and of luring all kinds of people to join in it, no one in our day has come near him.

It was a faculty which had been kept much in restraint in early life, while he was fighting his way to independence through Glasgow and Cambridge, until he had gained the temporary haven of a Trinity fellowship. But his reputation as master of the revels had already begun to spread when he came to London in 1844 to read for the bar. So he was at once recruited by "The old stagers," who had just started on the "tumbling" career which has made the Canterbury week famous. With John Doe and Richard Roe, the Hon. S. Whitehead, the Chevalier Esrom, the Smith family, and the rest of that unique band, he helped to make the little country theatre, and the long room at the Fountain Inn, a sort of central shrine of good wholesome English fun; pouring himself out in prologues, epilogues, play-bills, and squibs, many of which would well repay the zeal of any collector of good things who will hunt them up. It was for them that in 1846 he wrote the first piece which made his reputation as a dramatist, "To Parents and Guardians."

And one of them (a contemporary at Cambridge, now a grave metropolitan magistrate) became his chum in the Temple, in the chambers where Thackeray deposited his wig and gown under their charge, and wrote up his name with theirs over the door, in some vague expectation of possible professional benefits to accrue from that ceremony. The rooms were at 10, Crown Office Row, looking over the Temple Gardens, and approached by a staircase from the Row. They had also, as a double set, access to a back staircase leading into Hare Court. From which circumstance, and the jocose use which both Thackeray and he made of it, the rumour spread of the impecuniosity of the trio, and of the shifts and stratagems for the manipulation of clients and the defeat of duns, which the second staircase enabled them to perpetrate, with the aid of their boys (the heroes of the farce, "Our Clerks"). It may be said in passing, however, that there was not a shadow of foundation for such stories. No taint of Bohemia hung about him in this matter. He spent liberally what he earned, but nothing more.

The rooms were amongst the oldest in the Inn, dating from the Fire of London, but convenient enough, with the exception of one gloomy hole, christened by Tom "the hall of waistcoats," because in it stood the wardrobe in which his chum, a well-dressed man, kept the liberal supply of clothing which he had brought from Cambridge. In it also swung the hammock in which an occasional belated visitor slept, and the laundress deposited her baby when she came to clean the rooms or help cook. The block has been pulled down and rebuilt, but he has left a memorial of them in the *Templar's Tribute*, part of which may well be repeated here.

"They were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull, and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring cracked, the windows gaped,
The door-posts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a sad and wailing cry;

In a dingier set of chambers no man need
wish to stow
Than those, old friend, wherein we dined
at 10, Crown Office Row.

"But we were young if they were old ; we
never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out and let
the sunshine in.
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs,
our hopes bedecked the walls,
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to
meet what might befall :
Will sunnier hours be ever ours than those
which used to go
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in 10,
Crown Office Row !

* * *

"Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where
all was frolic fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about,
like bullets from a gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with
Soyer's shilling book
Thrust of a sudden in her hands, and
straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs from
those old walls would flow,
Could they give out all they drank in at 10,
Crown Office Row !

* * *

"You too have found a loving mate ; ah, well,
'twas time to go ;
No wives we had—the one thing bad,—
in 10, Crown Office Row.

"Good-bye old rooms, where we chummed
years, without a single fight.
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise
upon your site,
More airy bedrooms, wider panes, our
followers will see,
And wealthier, wiser tenants, the Bench
may find than we ;
But lighter hearts, or truer, I'll defy the
town to show
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned
this, 10, Crown Office Row."

Of the many groups, artistic and
literary, theatrical and social, in which
our old friend took a leading hand—of
which indeed he was the life and soul
—perhaps the best known and most
permanently successful was that of
Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at the
delightful humour of whose truly
British tour England was laughing in
the bad times more than thirty years
ago. Their names have become prover-
bial, and (if they are of the old
stock) our grandchildren will still be
laughing at and with them in the bad

times thirty years hence. One of that
group of friends only is left, Richard
Doyle ; and, sad to say, sore illness
kept him from the gathering, though
his home is not a quarter of a mile
from the cemetery.

One other of these groups only can
be referred to here, that of 1856, when
he joined Charles Kingsley and the
writer in an expedition to Snowdonia,
which has become famous in a small
way since the publication of Kingsley's
Life. If ever there was a week fitted
to try man's temper and resources
that was the one. Most of it was
spent by us on the mountain sides, and
by loch and river, in white mist, varied
by "a rain of marbles and minié-
bullets—a rain which searches, and
drenches, and drills," as the parson
described it. One day, indeed, was so
bad that we could not get out, and
spent the time, mostly in the kitchen,
chatting with Henry Owen and his
wife, and trying our hands on amusing
and teaching his wild little Welsh
children ; in both which occupations,
though Kingsley justly prided himself
on his success in such business, Tom
bore easily away the palm, and by
dinner-time had made the whole flock
perfectly unmanageable and charming.
I am not sure that Charles Kingsley
was not slightly piqued by their devo-
tion to their new romp in spectacles,
who chattered to them in wonderful
gibberish and made fun of their copy-
books. But how we should have got
through and carried away, as we did,
a delightful memory of the outing,
without his wonderful companionship,
I do not care to think. His work as
an artist is, I believe, of no repute in
expert circles, but some of the sketches
which he brought back in his portfolio,
blurred as they are by great rain-
drops, recall to me the forms and
colouring of the Snowdon group with
a freshness which makes me sure there
must be real power and merit in them
somewhere. It was he who suggested
on the last night, with his usual kindly
thought, that we might do the Owens
a good turn by writing some doggerel
verses in their guest-book ; he who kept

us up to the work till we had finished it, and added an extra stanza of his own to bring in his genial pun on our host's name—

"With host and hostess, fare and bill, so pleased we are, that, going,
We feel for all their kindness 'tis we, not they, are Owen!"

But it would be unfair and utterly misleading to leave readers under the impression that high jinks were the main interest and occupation of his leisure. Few men were more interested in politics and social questions. His activity in the former was of course limited by his employment under the Crown, but when he felt the matter to be of sufficient moment he was always ready to come forward and take open ground for what he held to be the right. Though no party man, he was a strong and steady Liberal, and in social matters a Radical reformer, never afraid of new truth, and prompt to help struggling causes with pen and purse if once convinced of their worthiness. His memorial lines on Abraham Lincoln in *Punch* may perhaps be cited as a specimen of his best thought and manner on great subjects. What other of the gifted band who then formed the staff of that journal could have made that manly and touching amende with equal dignity and frankness?

"Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet

The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

"Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

Thoughts of this kind must have passed through the minds of many, besides the writer, of those who followed the hearse bare-headed from the chapel to the grave, almost at the other end of the cemetery. The long procession of personal friends walked two and two, and formed round the

grave while the last prayers were read. At the end there was a short pause. One or two friends looked down on the bed of lovely white lilies, which made the coffin invisible, and fell back. Then one after another the group bent over the open grave and went their several ways in silence—those who had beaten the world, those whom the world had beaten, those for whom the struggle is still doubtful—peers, ambassadors, and right-honourables, artists, authors, and actors, never to meet again in this world; strangers to each other an hour before, strangers to each other still, with this only in common that here was a soul gone from amongst them true enough and deep enough to be in true touch with each and all. Henceforth there is one more sacred spot, for many of us, which seems to say—

"Come hither in thine hour of strength,
Come, weak as is a breaking wave,
Here stretch thy body at full length,
Or build thy house upon this grave."

THOS. HUGHES.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE large number of people who unfortunately underrate, or at least neglect, our National Gallery, may be divided into two main classes. First, there are those who have seen, and a few of whom are really familiar with, some or all of the great continental galleries. The undeniable fact that the Trafalgar Square collection is not the finest in the world would probably not be sufficient in itself to prevent our travelled and cultivated countrymen from occasionally stopping as they drive or walk by the steps of the National Gallery, if it were not for the secret prevalence of a notion which, when dragged into daylight, is found to be something like this. A Florentine picture is more beautiful and interesting in Florence than anywhere else, and, failing Florence, it is more beautiful and interesting in Dresden or even in Paris than in London.

In the light of this idea, the beauty and truth of which will be especially apparent if we remember that a certain amount of money and leisure are required even for a visit to the Louvre, our moral sense begins to rebel against the barbarity of keeping Italian paintings in the midst of London fog and smoke, and we doubt if it is much more defensible than confining a thrush in a cage.

But secondly there are those who are unacquainted with the continental galleries because they are so far off, and with our own because it is so near. Against the latter objection I venture with much diffidence to think that something may be urged. To open a door which we pass every day is certainly a dull sort of sight-seeing, but then there are the steps to climb first, and even the greatest Londoner of us all may some day have a country cousin to lionise. It is true that the

daily average of visitors is something considerably over four thousand, but it would be interesting to know the average duration of the visits, and the proportion of time given to the British and Foreign schools respectively, and still more interesting to know how much really thoughtful attention has in each case been given to any picture or pictures at all.

It is certain that in what is called general society, confessions—voluntary or involuntary—of almost absolute ignorance on this subject are not uncommonly to be heard, and if further evidence were required I would appeal to the unconscious witness of the impromptu art-criticism so frankly and abundantly uttered in the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery. The following remarks are intended to appeal to both classes of defaulters alike—to all, in short, who do not love the National Gallery as much as they ought, or frequent it as much as they can. To those who do I shall seem indeed an unworthy apologist and feeble advocate. Alas, I have little to fear from so insignificant a minority.

In judging of our gallery two questions have to be answered. The first is, what art-treasures of the very highest excellence does it contain? the second, what problems of art or facts in art-history does it illustrate? In considering the first question let us never forget what an immense amount of the first-rate work of the greatest masters is fresco, and therefore unattainable by any picture gallery, whether English or continental.¹ Churches and altars enough have contributed to the galleries of

¹ In the National Gallery there is a fragment in "secco" by Giotto as well as several frescoes transferred to canvas; e.g., our only specimen of Luca Signorelli.

Europe, but the Campo Santo, the Eremitani, the Carmine, the Sistine Chapel could enrich no spoiler with their treasures—of that harvest, time alone is lord.

Of the few absolutely supreme works in tempera and oils, perhaps the wise advocate will admit that we have none. Raphael's early Peruginesque manner is gracefully but not grandly represented by the little panel of the *Knight's Vision*; of his second or Florentine period we have only the *St. Catherine*. The Garvagh Raphael, and the doubtful portrait of Julius II., complete the rather scanty list of our specimens of the most admired of painters. That we have no finished picture which can be with confidence attributed to Michel Angelo will hardly be considered a reproach by those who know the extreme rarity of these treasures. We are thankful to trace his inspiration and guidance in Sebastiano's *Raising of Lazarus*, to enjoy him at second hand in the *Dream of Human Life*, to suspect his touch in the grand unfinished drawing of the *Entombment*, and to flatter ourselves that he and not Ghirlandajo painted the fine *Madonna and Infant Christ with St. John and Angels*, once attributed to the latter. It is harder to have to admit that not a single acknowledged Leonardo glorifies our walls. In one picture of doubtful subject and doubtful authorship¹ we find, amid unwise attempts at restoration, that peculiar modification of his manner which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Luini. But the sentence pronounced against us long ago by Waagen can hardly yet be said to be blotted out. "Of the great masters of the Florentine school, which above all others carried drawing to the highest perfection, there is, in my opinion, nothing here." I do not know whether this critic, who thought rather meanly of Andrea del Sarto's

Holy Family, would consider his portrait of himself, acquired for the National Gallery in 1862, as saving us from this reproach.

But even when this large and somewhat damaging admission has been made, in the strictly limited sense in which alone it can be made, we are able fearlessly to claim for the pictures, which have become our friends in spite of being our neighbours, that they are such as no lover of art, however travelled, can afford to ignore, and that he whose knowledge is truest, widest, and most loving, will be most certain to omit no opportunity of studying them.

To those who consider that colouring is the primary excellence of a painter we may appeal with especial confidence, for of the Venetian school we have many acknowledged gems. No less than six paintings by Giovanni Bellini illustrate its early history, while we see its highest perfection in a collection which includes Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, *Ariosto*, and *Rape of Ganymede*, Tintoretto's *St. George and the Dragon*, Giorgione's *Knight in Armour*, Bassano's *Good Samaritan*, and all that dirt and decay have spared of Sebastiano's famous *Raising of Lazarus*. But it is perhaps Coreggio, "the captain of the painter's art as such," as Mr. Ruskin has called him, who is most adequately represented here. It would probably be difficult to name any one picture more perfectly representative of its painter than the *Venus, Mercury and Cupid*, and to this we have to add the successful realism, the perfect technical skill and the limited aim of the *Ecce Homo*, in which the irrepressible light-heartedness of the painter takes refuge in the portrayal of physical collapse from the—to him—impossible task of giving artistic expression to an agony of the spirit. In yet a third important work of this master, the graceful little *Vierge au Panier*, we see how far behind he had left the mournful and wondering resignation of the early Madonnas, and the

¹ The so-called *Christ Disputing with the Doctors*, or *Christ and the Pharisees*, or, as has even been lately suggested, *Joseph relating his Dream*.

solemnity, half sacerdotal, half divine, and wholly unnatural, of their infants; how heartily he had adopted and how far he had carried on the humanist ideal of happy and tender motherhood, and smiling, helpless babyhood.

Of other schools we have specimens by Francia, Mantegna, Francesca, Perugino, Morone, Veronese, the Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Margaret and Jan van Eyck, and several of their followers; Rubens, Rembrandt, and a crowd of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century, which, among many more of scarcely less importance, perhaps assert especial claims upon the attention of lovers and students of art. Some of these are pictures which once seen can never be forgotten, and which have a charm of their own outside the range of rivalry, and admitting no comparison with more famous works. We, who partly know them know also that they are our friends by virtue of some attraction which has won our love once and for all.

But, to turn to our second question, the National Gallery aims at being something else than a mere collection of treasures, something more even than that "workman's paradise, the garden of pleasure to which he goes to refresh his eyes and heart with beautiful shapes and sweet colouring when they are wearied with dull bricks and mortar, and the ugly colourless things which fill the workshop and the factory"—which the late Canon Kingsley rightly desired to see it.¹

After reading his eloquent and appreciative description of Bellini's *Portrait of a Doge*, no one, I think, could feel himself quite a stranger there. It is like a letter of introduction to an individual in a foreign city. But besides such a letter of introduction we want some general information as to what to look for and where to look for it, and, most of all, as to the

meaning of what we see. This want is to some extent supplied by the excellent, though by no means faultlessly accurate, *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Foreign Schools*, set forth "by authority."

The question before us can hardly be better answered than by considering, as well as our limits permit, some of the points which it comes within the province of that catalogue to raise but not to discuss. "It is wonderful," said the late Mr. F. D. Maurice, "how much our faculties of discernment will grow and unfold themselves if we begin by throwing all our notions about style overboard, and simply come to be taught why this author spoke in this way, and that in another, why this was significant of him and of the time in which he lived, and another belonged to a person who lived in a different time and who had a different work." Substitute painter for author, and add "place" to "time," and it will be hard to find better counsel than this for the frequenter of picture galleries.

The two great facts about painters which our catalogue best brings out, are their individuality, and their natural classification in groups called schools; the great fact which, from the nature of the case, it most faintly indicates, is the relation of these individuals and groups to the Renaissance. At page 15 we have a note on the word "school." We are told that in its widest sense it means all the painters of a given country; in a more restricted sense, it refers to the style characteristic of the painters of a particular place or time; in its most limited sense, to the distinctive style of a particular master, whence it is also applied to the scholars or imitators of an individual; and that "in the following table the word is used in its wider senses." Then follows, on page 16, a "tabular view of the schools of painting as represented by the pictures in the National Gallery." For this emphatic recognition of what is surely the only rational system of

¹ Letters of "Parson Lot" in *Politics for the People*, 1848-9.

classification we are the more grateful, because at least two other methods have been advocated in popular works on the subject. It has been suggested by one writer that we should classify pictures according to their subjects, dividing them, for instance, into history, theology, and poetry, as books are commonly divided in libraries; and by another, that it would be well, for popular purposes, to avoid definitions of schools, leaving these for a later and more elaborate portion of art education, and grouping the painters meanwhile according to the arrangements of time, country, and rank in art, on the ground that these divisions are "primitive." To me it seems as impossible to think, speak, or write profitably about pictures without recognising the existence of schools, as to treat of the history of thought without alluding to the schools of philosophy.

"Raphael of Urbino, who has been so highly esteemed by the Pope, drew these naked figures and sent them to Albrecht Dürer in Nuremberg, to show him his hand." Such is the well-known inscription on a drawing in chalk now preserved at Vienna. It reminds us of the existence of two great groups of artists, the one north of the Alps, the other south; it reminds us how the natural barrier which had been momentarily surmounted when Italy learnt from the Van Eycks the use of oil-colours, was still a moral as well as a physical boundary when Albrecht Dürer was reproached by the Venetians with his indifference to the antique, and modified his unlovely but immortal handiwork by the graceful outlines of the great Roman master; and it reminds us of the fully recognised and paramount importance of perfect mastery over the naked human form as the one criterion of draftsmanship, the indispensable condition of the highest art. But it reminds us, too, of one more fact which we shall do well to keep in view when we contrast the single Albrecht Dürer which our gallery

contains with, let us say, the Garvagh *Madonna*.

Raphael sent his drawing to the Nuremberg master "to show him his hand." Far more remarkable, surely, than the generic distinction between northern and southern art, is the specific one between the schools of Flanders, Holland, and the Rhine, of Venice, Florence, and Bologna; and most remarkable of all, that subtle but absolute individuality which enables, and even compels each painter, in whatever work he produces, to "show his hand."

Painting is a language in more senses than one. In the age of faith, and before "the craft of the printer" became "the enfranchisement of the artist," the task of painting was, as the first article of the constitution of the Guild of Painters of Siena frankly avowed, "to show forth to rude men, who knew not letters, the miraculous things wrought by virtue and in virtue of the Holy Faith." But not only may the artist deliberately or half-consciously make his picture the exponent of some thought of which his mind is full; he must, whether he will or no, if he tries to paint faithfully what he sees, paint in some degree his own attitude of mind, his own habits and tendencies. It is impossible to find the most matter-of-fact sketch without something of the artist in it. And it is not alone the self of which we are conscious, and which we intend to express, that is there. There, too, is the dread phantom of the unknown self—the self of the Judgment Day, the aggregate of our past yieldings and refusals, our past victories and defeats, our intemperance and self-control, our aims, delights, regrets. For whenever a man looks at a picture the result is affected by three things:—First, the way in which the objects depicted affected the artist's brain through his retina; secondly, the way in which he expressed on a flat service the impression so received; and lastly, the impression made on the spectator's brain through his

retina. In the two first is involved the individuality of the painter, in the third the competence of the critic. When the artist sets himself to record his impressions of external objects, and in them, it may be, to express some devout thought or poetic fancy, his work is governed partly by his faculties of observation and reflection, with all the innumerable and subtle influences which have educated those faculties, but partly also by the peculiar aptitude and the special faults of physical organisation which give something individual to the touch of every man's hand.

In Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morals," there is a familiar and striking passage describing how "the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Paul Veronese consists of an unflinching, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of the finest fencer," and "every instant governed by direct and new intention," and moreover "continued all day long and through long life, not only without failure of power, but with visible increase of it." "Determine for yourselves," adds Mr. Ruskin, "whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, with any mean anxiety, any gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man." In this challenge Mr. Ruskin lays himself open to attack with characteristic fearlessness, and, as might be expected, his theory has not been left unassailed. The vice of "the average sensual man," though it may visibly impair his spirit, is perhaps too slow a poison to his body to prevail appreciably against the good influence of long habit and constant practice.

But it is not necessary to divide painters by a ruthless dichotomy into the moral and the immoral in order to appreciate their varieties of touch, and to realise that the hand is in some sort the outcome and expression of the man. We cannot, in spite of

all attempts, really classify handwriting, but we know the writing of many friends as we know the foot-fall of a few. In the autograph of a great man we feel that he is in some sort present; how much more where the hand of the painter has been disciplined to trace, not the conventional symbol, but the express image of his thought. But this is a question which can only be studied in a picture gallery. Let every one compare for himself, in the National Gallery, the work of Angelico and Masaccio, of Mantegna and Perugino, of Francia and Botticelli.

The only pictures which will throw little or no light on this or any other question of art are those which are tainted with self-consciousness. When an artist begins to say to us in his painting, "See how I have expressed my thought," or "See how much of the manner of Raphael or of Coreggio I have caught," or even "See how I triumph over this or that technical difficulty," he goes far to destroy the value of his picture as a sample product of a man, a period, or a place. Our examples of Mantegna are free from the obtrusively elaborate perspective of his earlier Eremitani frescoes; but something of his overstrained classicism is shown in even the *Madonna with St. John* and the *Magdalen*, and much more in the so-called *Triumph of Scipio*, a work of his declining years. Yet no man's work is more truly characteristic than his, and it is to Parmegiano's *Vision of St. Jerome* that we must turn if we would see how self-consciousness can spoil good work. This is an undeniably beautiful picture, but in the lovely poised figure of the Saviour, and the grand upward-pointing St. John, and the skilfully foreshortened St. Jerome, there seems to be a deliberate purpose of imitating Coreggio's grace and Michel Angelo's masterful anatomy and perspective. The painter is outside the first rank, and can tell us nothing of the history of his art, nothing about man and his powers, but

that perfection is shortlived, and decay follows hard upon it. The really great picture, on the other hand, is a product of the man even more truly than the man is of his antecedents and surroundings.

Just beyond the dome of the new building in Trafalgar Square, there is a room which is called the "select cabinet." It contains pictures by Raphael, Giovanni Bellini, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Francia, and two unfinished paintings attributed to Michel Angelo, with a few of slightly less importance, including two noteworthy non-religious subjects by Melozzo da Forlì. Let us stand opposite any one of these, we can hardly choose amiss, and consider in what presence we are. Out of the trouble and passion, the hideous sin, and the keen feeling for beauty, the corrupted Christianity, and the revived paganism of 250 years of Italian history we have saved this!

The tide of life's unresting sea which would not wait to be examined, has left among the rocks this little pool, still, tamed, and imprisoned. On it we may gaze at leisure, and in it we may see all the elements of the great wave which has rushed far away over the unknown ocean, or broken and dispersed upon the shore of time. But the treasures of this select cabinet are gathered from Rome, Florence, Venice, Bologna, and from within the influence of Assisi and S. Francis; and the contributions of all these places are recognisable and characteristic.

I have spoken of the individuality of painters; it is time to say a word of that resemblance, those groups of common attributes which bind them together into schools. Our catalogue mentions no less than nineteen foreign schools, of which thirteen are Italian; and at the same time our attention is called to the fact that this list is by no means exhausted, but corresponds to the present limits of our collection.

Thus the marked and strikingly permanent characteristics of the

Sieneſe ſchool are not illuſtrated in the gallery, and therefore "it is for the preſent comprehended in the Florentine School," which is deſcribed as having its beginning "in Florence, in Piſa, and in Siena." Yet we know that the peculiar pathos of Duccio always remained a diſtinguiſhing mark of his ſchool, and was never characteristic of that which Giotto founded—a diſtinction at which we can hardly wonder when we remember that the Florence and Siena thus roughly coupled together were bitter and implacable enemies. Here then is a fact in art-hiſtory which the National Gallery, for want of worthy ſpecimens of the Sieneſe School, fails to illuſtrate. Yet there are nineteen different foreign ſchools which it does illuſtrate. Have we learnt all it has to teach us about theſe? Have we grasped, for inſtance, the difference between a ſchool of colour and a ſchool of chiaroſcuro? Do we know by obſervation that the former will not ſacrifice local colour for the ſake of light and ſhade, the latter will not ſacrifice an effect of light and ſhade for the preſervation of local colour? Have we realiſed in contemplating Emanuel's picture of *St. Coſmo and St. Damian* what is the fate of a ſchool that ſurvives its own vital force and becomes conventional and non-progreſſive? Perhaps few things in the National Gallery are more inſtructive than the poſition in the early Italian room of that one ſpecimen of Byzantine art with its date in the latter half of the ſeventeenth century. Around it all is progreſs and change. From Cimabue we paſs to Giotto, from Giotto to Orcagna, from Orcagna to Ucello, and the invention of perſpective, but the laſteſt picture in the room is untouched by all the teaching of theſe changes. The one link between this ſtrange ſurvival, and the progreſſive Italian ſchools is the *Madonna and Child* of Margaritone, of Arezzo. Painter, ſculptor, and architect, like ſo many of his great ſucceſſors, this artiſt never caught the

new enthusiasm, but died in 1293, wedded to Greek conventionalism, and weary of life because his age had produced Giotto. Up to the middle of the fifteenth century, Italian art is almost exclusively represented in the National Gallery by Florentine examples. The great name of Pietro della Francesca, illustrated by several most interesting specimens, reminds us that Umbria was treasuring meanwhile its tradition of thoughtful and earnest devotion, and adding to it at the same time a force and frankness of draftsmanship full of promise for the future; and two fresco heads by Domenico Veneziana, and a *Salvator Mundi* by Antonello da Messina, recall the names of the first Italians who taught the secret which was to give colour the victory over chiaroscuro, and be made by Bellini the foundation of the true Venetian School. Of the school which in the last half of the fifteenth century gives us Francia we have one very early specimen, a *Madonna and Child*, by Lippo Dalmesio, called Lippo dalle Madonne; and the place, rather than the school, to which we owe the very different art of Mantegna, is represented by a *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Justus of Padua, a pupil and thorough disciple of Giotto.

Meanwhile, the rapid progress of Italian art was far outstripped at Bruges.

The Van Eycks, as has been well said, were the Giottoes, the Masaccios, the Raphaels, and the Michel Angelos, of the Netherlands. In them the Flemish School did all of which it was capable, until with Rubens there was a fresh departure—a new art as distinct from the old as the Bolognese of the Caracci from that of Francia. The really characteristic school of the Rhine was so soon merged in the more vital art of Bruges, that we may consider ourselves lucky in being able to study it in a *Saint Veronica* by William of Cologne, and a *St. Matthew*, *St. Catherine*, and *St. John*, by his pupil Meister Stephan. Great as were

Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, they could not undo what Vander Weyden had done in diffusing the style of the Van Eycks. With this reflection, we must comfort ourselves as best we can for the entire absence of Holbein's work from our collection, and the fact that one small portrait is our only specimen of Albert Dürer. By Vander Weyden, the elder, we have a curious and interesting entombment painted in tempera on linen, while his younger namesake is more adequately represented.

This seems the place to say a word about a Flemish picture which is equally interesting and beautiful, and which became the property of the nation as lately as July 1878. The student of the authorised catalogue will be surprised to find in the list of Bolognese painters, the name of Gheeraert David. How it came there I am unable to guess. David was born at Oudewater, and became in 1484 a member of the Guild of Sadlers and Painters at Bruges. His name had been almost lost in a most unmerited oblivion when Mr. Weale discovered and proved that many paintings attributed to Hans Memling, and others, were really the work of his hand. In the picture of a *Canon and his Patron Saints*, bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Benoni White, we have a really fine specimen of this painter. The landscape, the minute embroidery of the vestments, the noble heads, and the beautiful, and happily well-preserved, colouring of the whole, make this panel as precious for its own sake as it is for its historical significance.

The intense individuality of the city schools of Italy is a feature for which we shall seek in vain in the Netherlands. The history of Italy, or at least of Northern Italy, is a history of cities. But Bruges was not really the cradle of Belgian art. By offering first a refuge from the violence of free companions, and then a market for the sale of pictures, it became the centre of a school which

drew its disciples from the right bank of the Scheldt. In later times a real and instructive analogy may be traced between the divergent, political, and artistic histories of Holland and Flanders. On this subject no two men have more to teach us than Rubens and Rembrandt, and perhaps no two are better represented in the National Gallery. By the former we have one picture in particular which has an interest all its own. I mean his *Triumph of Julius Caesar*, after Andrea Mantegna. To have come sufficiently under the influence of Mantegna's masterpiece, to be induced to make a study from it, and then to have written "Rubens" in every line and tint of that study, is indeed a remarkable performance. Here at least there is no fear of self-consciousness impairing individuality. Let any one study the *Triumphs* at Hampton Court, as well as decay and bad hanging permit, and then let him look well at the Mantegna *Madonna* in Trafalgar Square,¹ let him notice the statuesque severity of the noble St. John, the classical drapery of the chaste Magdalen, and then let him return to Rubens's *Triumph*, after Andrea Mantegna, with its sensuous conception, and its glowing colours, and he will feel how much there is to hold the groups of artists apart, and under what different banners they may be ranged.

In wandering through the Italian rooms of the National Gallery, to which we are thus recalled, it is difficult at first to avoid a confused impression that, with a few exceptions, all the great painters were in fact contemporaries.

I believe that the best remedy for this confusion is to be found in a rough classification of the artists, according to their relation to the Renaissance.

Mr. J. A. Symonds has made a convenient division of the Renaissance period of art into the last thirty years

of the fifteenth century, and the first fifty of the sixteenth. By a little laxity in the matter of dates, a fairly correct classification of the greatest Italians may be arrived at on this basis.

Leonardo da Vinci alone refuses to be classed, and perhaps no fitter category could be found for him than the splendid isolation of "a star that dwelt apart." In him the fresh wonder of the early Renaissance is combined, with the confident workmanship and absolute command of means which marked its later stage. But with him, unfortunately, the visitor to the National Gallery has little direct concern.²

In the first division of the Renaissance period will be found, for instance, Perugino, Filippino Lippi, Luca Signorelli, Sandro Boticelli, the Bellini, Francia, Andrea Mantegna; in the second, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Coreggio. Mr. Ruskin, we know, divides Italian art into the art of faith, beginning with Giotto, and lasting rather more than 200 years, and the art of unbelief, or at least of cold and inoperative faith, beginning in the middle of Raphael's life. But whatever division we adopt, we must remember that the revival of paganism as a matter of fact affected men in different ways. Right across the schools this new spirit draws its line, but the line is not a hard and sharp one. Some men lie wholly on one side of it with Giotto, Angelico and Orcagna, some wholly upon the other, with Titian and Coreggio, but there are some on whom it seems to fall as a rainbow falls upon a hillside. Such, for instance, is Boticelli. Now he tries to paint as men painted in the old days of unpolluted faith, and then again he breaks away and paints like a very heathen.

The interest which this artist has

¹ It is conjectured that jewels must have been removed from the throat of this almost insignificant figure.

² We should all do well to supplement our studies there by a visit to Marco d'Oggione's fine copy of the *Last Supper* in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

excited in the present generation has been exaggerated into something like a fashion, and recent criticism has delighted to find or imagine in him the idiosyncrasies of recent thought. To us, it may be, he does, in truth, say more than he or his contemporaries dreamed of; but while true criticism will sternly refuse to help us to see in his pictures that which is purely subjective, it will, I think, recognise the fact that a day like ours is capable of reading in the subtle suggestions of ancient art, thoughts which have only now come to be frankly defined or exquisitely analysed. To us, moreover, Boticelli presents not only the poem of the apparition of the young and beautiful manhood of humanism before the brooding and entranced, yet half-expectant maidenhood of mediævalism, but also the poem of the painter's own peculiar relation to that crisis. For us there is the poetry of the thing itself, and also the poetry of Boticelli's attempt to express it. The work of Boticelli does not supply a universal utterance for mankind, like Shakespeare's plays; but when we stand before the screen on which his *Nativity* is hung, or contemplate in the adjoining room his two perplexed conceptions of *Aphrodite*, we are face to face with a genuine outcome of that memorable meeting of mediævalism, humanism and Savonarola, which no generation can afford to ignore, and our own especially delights to contemplate. There has been much dispute about the date of Boticelli's *Nativity*, and some defenders of Savonarola have hoped to read 1511 in the strange characters of its inscription, so that this beautiful picture, standing forth as the work of one for many years under the influence of "The Frate," may refute the common calumny that that influence was unfriendly to art. Our catalogue, indeed, unhesitatingly asserts of Boticelli that "he became a follower of Savonarola, and no doubt suffered from it;" but though there seems to be really little doubt that the *Nativity* was painted in 1500, the in-

scription, with its mystic allusion to the Apocalypse, and the whole character of the picture, affords unmistakable evidence of the influence of Savonarola.

Let us, then, compare this superstitious work with the *Mars and Venus*, and the *Venus reclining with Cupids*, and I think we shall be ready to admit that it was not a wholly evil influence which turned the attention of Boticelli from the illustration of mythology by the long-limbed figures and sad faces of the later mediæval type, to the illustration of Christian subjects with a quaint air of humanism. But if we would see humanism, and even pure Hellenism, with what Mr. Pater has taught us to call its "Heiterkeit," heartily and unreservedly accepted, we must turn from Boticelli to Titian, from the *Mars and Venus* to the *Bacchus and Ariadne*.

Here, indeed, we see expressed the "ideal, cheerful, sensuous, pagan life," which is not sick or sorry. It is noteworthy that Mr. Arnold, in the passage from which I have borrowed the above amplification of the untranslatable "Heiterkeit," goes for his complete contrast to Umbria, to Assisi, and to S. Francis. He is not writing about pictures, but for a commentary on the spirit which has kept undimmed the fame of Angelico, Francia, Perugino, in spite of Masaccio, Signorelli, Raphael, I know nothing more eloquent or more true than this essay on paganism and mediæval religious sentiment.

There hangs in the corner of the "select cabinet," not far from the triumphant colouring and rushing motion of the *Bacchus and Ariadne*, a small picture recently acquired from the collection of the late Mr. Fuller Maitland, and once attributed to Raphael. It is difficult, on merely internal evidence, to resist the conviction that the graceful and rather effeminate figures of this *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*, with their small heads and feet and womanish hips and knees are by the hand of Raphael. But if so, it

is Raphael in his Umbrian mood, and before he shook himself free from the traditions of Perugino. Yet even this picture lacks the simple earnestness and devout sincerity which made the Umbrian school famous, and lay at the root of its influence over men like Francia of Bologna. The figure of Judas, for instance, has a misplaced grandeur and pathos, and if it were not for the money-bag, we might at first sight even mistake it for his Master.

From the day when art had for its task to utter "the burning message of prophecy with the stammering lips of infancy," to the day when the prophets in mastering the language had forgotten the message, is but a little while, and it is far from easy to fix the moment of achievement, or agree upon the perfect work. It may be we shall have to go further back than Raphael to find the best the National Gallery can show us.

Orcagna sets forth "the great things done by virtue of the Holy Faith," with stammering lips, indeed, and we cannot rest satisfied with his earnest but defective utterance. Yet almost from the moment when, with the craft of the printer, came the enfranchisement of the artist, we miss some of the special charm and value of his sentiment. Michel Angelo borrowed from Orcagna the Christ and the Virgin of the Sistine *Last Judgment*, and added the perfection of his workmanship; yet the result is disappointing, for it is not the excellence of Michel Angelo added to the excellence of Orcagna.

Let us, before we leave the gallery, consider one more picture. I do not say we shall find absolute satisfaction in it, but at least it deserves attentive study. It is Francia's *Pietà*, *The Virgin and Two Angels weeping over the dead body of Christ*. This is, of course, the lunette from the altar piece which hangs next to it. There is something strange, to say the least, in the poise of the right arm of the dead Christ, which seems to balance itself by the rigidity

of the wrist and fingers in an unlikely, if not impossible, position. But this will not long withdraw our attention from the great merits of the picture, its colouring, its composition, and, above all, its sentiment. At first we may be tempted to say that the angels, especially the one at the head of the Saviour, are too calm and happy in their tears, but when we notice the terrible misery of the Mother, we can hardly doubt that the contrast is deliberate, and I think it is easily justified.

The grief of the woman is surely typical. In it is expressed the fact that men and women are "sick and sorry," the fact which Christianity recognised, and paganism did not; the fact which Savonarola and his "mourners" avowed in the midst of Medicean Florence. But the grief of the angels is exceptional and full of hope. With them it seems to be as with us in seeing or reading tragedy. They weep, but do not suffer; they mourn, but are not wretched.

And between the grief of the woman and that of the angels is the Christ. His, we are made to feel, was uttermost human woe and pain. Paganism and the Renaissance turned away from sorrow and languor, and the agonies of the spirit. This dead Christ was shadowed forth long ago in Isaiah's "surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." His sufferings were more real than Mary's, His hope more assured than the angels.

To all the paintings by old masters here collected we may apply the words inscribed beneath the dome—"The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend." For a few, such as this *pietà*, we must borrow Milton's stronger praise, "They are the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

W. C. LEFROY.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE natural history and antiquity of oaths in general were discussed four years ago in this magazine by Mr. E. B. Tylor ("Ordeals and Oaths," May, 1876), and those who desire to inform themselves or refresh their memories on the wider bearings of the subject cannot do better than turn to his article. Mr. Tylor has, among other interesting points, made it all but certain that the peculiarly English formula "So help me God" is of Scandinavian and pre-Christian origin; a discovery which throws an unexpected light on the much abused dictum that Christianity is parcel of the common law of England, and the proposition confidently advanced at a later time that the oath of allegiance taken by members of Parliament is in some way (notwithstanding the removal of Jewish disabilities) a bulwark of the Christian religion. This statement, however, errs only in generality and in being out of date. It is perfectly true that the oath of allegiance was, down to the Catholic Emancipation, one of the chief statutory defences of the Protestant religion, though in a political rather than a theological sense; and for many years later it contained a promise to maintain and support the Protestant succession to the Crown as limited by the Act of Settlement. The history of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and of the various transformations they have undergone is a varied and complex one; and I now invite the reader, if he is interested as a lawyer in a half forgotten chapter of legislation, or as a historical student in the minute curiosities of constitutional history, or, as an observer of things at large from the Darwinian point of view, in the birth, development, and degeneration

of institutions, to trace with me the thread of this story as it may be picked out from the Statutes of the Realm.

Before we go back to the beginning, it may be as well to look at the end. As late as 1868 the oath of allegiance was reduced by the Promissory Oaths Act to its present simple, not to say meagre, form, which stands thus:—

"I — do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God."

What the substance of the oath as thus reduced may amount to would not be a very profitable question to discuss at large. It certainly does not promise anything beyond what is at common law the duty of every subject, and it seems to follow that it could not be broken except by some act which was otherwise an offence at common law, for example, treason or sedition, or perhaps also the vaguely defined offence of disparaging the dignity of the Crown. And it seems at least a tenable view that the words "according to law" not only express the limit within which the Crown is entitled to obedience, but cover the possibility (a possibility, fortunately, of the most remote kind) of the course of succession being legally varied. Such is the bare residue of the formidable and elaborate fabric of oaths and declarations raised up by Parliaments of former generations against the Pope and the Pretender. I say against the Pope and the Pretender; for our modern oaths of allegiance are of statutory devising, and date from Henry VIII.'s assertion of the Crown's ecclesiastical supremacy as

against the see of Rome. The earliest point of history we have to observe is of a distinguishing kind, namely that the modern oath of allegiance is a thing apart from the older oath of fealty, though formed on its analogy. Side by side with the fealty due from a man to his lord in respect of tenure there was recognised, in England, it would seem as early as the tenth century, an obligation of fealty to the Crown as due from every free man without regard to tenure.¹ Sometimes we find mixed or transitional forms. Thus there is preserved among the so-called statutes *temporis incerti* an oath taken by bishops, which, translated, is as follows:—

"I will be faithful and true, and faith and loyalty will bear to the king and to his heirs kings of England, of life and of member and of earthly honour, against all people who may live and die; and truly will acknowledge, and freely will do, the services which belong to the temporality of the Bishoprick of N., which I claim to hold of you, and which you render to me. So help me God and the Saints."

This bears considerable generic resemblance to the modern oath. But it is not simply an oath of allegiance in the modern sense: it includes an oath of fealty in respect of a specific tenure, namely for the temporalities of the see holden of the Crown. This is made more evident by comparison

of the common forms of a free man's homage and fealty:—

"I become your man from this day forth, for life, for member, and for worldly honour, and shall bear you faith for the lands that I claim to hold of you; saving the faith that I owe unto our lord the king . . . I shall be to you faithful and true, and shall bear you faith of the tenements I claim to hold of you, and loyally will acknowledge and will do the services I owe you at the times assigned. So help me God and the Saints."

Moreover the ceremonies of homage and fealty have in no way been abrogated or superseded by any of the statutes imposing political oaths. An oath of homage is to this day taken by archbishops and bishops, and the doing of homage by the peers both spiritual and temporal has always been part of the coronation ritual. An oath of fealty is stated in our law-books of the thirteenth century to be required from every one attending the sheriff's tourn.² There appears no reason why this oath of fealty should not in theory still be due from every subject at common law, though it would be doubtful who had authority to administer it, and what would be the legal consequence, if any, of a refusal to take it.

Shortness of time and space, however, forbid the further discussion of the doctrine or history of allegiance at common law. We must pass on to the additional obligations imposed by a series of statutes, from which the oath of allegiance in its existing form and application is lineally derived.

In the spring of 1534, when the last hopes of a reconciliation with Rome were exhausted, there was passed "An Act for the Establishment of the King's Succession" (25 H. VIII. c. 22), the objects of which were to

¹ It is remarkable that in the Assize of Northampton (1176) the justices are directed to take the oath of fealty even from "rustics": "Item Justitie capiant domini regis fidelitates . . . ab omnibus, scilicet comitibus, baronibus, militibus et libere tenentibus, et etiam rusticis, qui in regno manere voluerint." Does this include men who were not free? In the earliest forms of the oath of fealty to the king, both in England and elsewhere, the promise was to be "*fidelis sicut homo debet esse domino suo*." Allen (*Royal Prerogative*, pp. 68-71) thinks this was a limitation of the subject's obedience, or reservation of his right to throw off allegiance if the king failed in his duties. But it seems not less probable that these words were introduced in the king's interest, with the intention of adding the stricter personal bond of homage to the more general obligation of fealty.

² Britton, ed. Nichols, i. 185. Strictly there is not any oath of homage distinct from the oath of fealty. The oath was always an oath of fealty, and the duty of homage, where it was present, carried with it the duty of swearing fealty to the lord. On the other hand there might be, and often was, fealty without homage. Allen, p. 62.

declare valid the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and to limit the succession of the Crown to his issue by her. It also enacted that all subjects of full age should make a corporal oath that they would "truly firmly and constantly without fraud or guile observe fulfil maintain defend and keep to their cunning wit and uttermost of their powers the whole effect and contents of this present Act." The oath was not further specified in the Act itself, but a form was at once prepared and used, and was expressly authorised by statute in the next session (26 H. VIII. c. 2). This, as the earliest specimen of its kind, deserves the honour of being given in full with the original spelling:—

"Ye shall swere to beare faith truth and obedyence alonely to the Kynges Majestye and to his heires of his body or his moost dere and entierly belovyd lafull wyfe Quene Anne begotten and to be begotten, And further to the heires of oure said Sovereign Lorde accordyng to the lymtyacion in the Statute made for suretie of his succession in the crowne of this Realme mencioned and conteyned, and not to any other within this Realme nor foreyn auctorite or Potentate; And in case any othe be made or hathe be made by you to any persone or persones, that then ye do repute the same as vayne and adnichillate; and that to your connyng wytte and utter moste of your power without gyle fraude or other undue meane you shall observe kepe mayntene and defende the saide acte of successyon, and all the hole effectes and contentes therof, and all other actes and statutes made yn confirmation or for execucion of the same or of any thyng therein conteyned; and this ye shall do ayenst all manner of persones of what estate dignyte degree or condicion so ever they be, and in no wyse do or attempte, nor to your power suffre to be done or attemptid, directly or indirectly any thyng or thynges prively or apparlye to the lette hindraunce damage or derogacion thereof or of any parte of the same by any maner of meanes or for any maner of pretence; so helpe you God all Sayntes and the Holye Evangelystes."

Within two years the calamitous end of the marriage with Anne Boleyn brought about a new "Act for the

Establishment of the Succession of the Imperial Crown of this Realm" (28 H. VIII. c. 7), which, after repealing the former Acts and making minute provision for the descent of the Crown, appointed a new oath of allegiance, and declared that refusal to take it should be deemed and adjudged high treason. There is no variation worth noticing in the form of words, save that Queen Jane is substituted for Queen Anne. In the same session (c. 10) there followed an Act "extinguishing the authority of the Bishop of Rome," which introduced a special oath of abjuration. The preamble is a notable specimen of the inflated parliamentary style of the time. It sets forth how "the pretended power and usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome, by some called the Pope . . . did obfuscate and wrest God's holy word and testament a long season from the spiritual and true meaning thereof to his worldly and carnal affections, as pomp glory avarice ambition and tyranny, covering and shadowing the same with his human and politic devices traditions and inventions set forth to promote and establish his only dominion, both upon the souls and also the bodies and goods of all Christian people"; how the Pope not only robbed the King's Majesty of his due rights and pre-eminence, "but spoiled this his realm yearly of innumerable treasure"; and how the king and the estates of the realm "being overwearied and fatigated with the experience of the infinite abominations and mischiefs preceding of his impostures," were forced of necessity to provide new remedies. The oath of abjuration was to be taken by all officers, ecclesiastical and temporal, and contained an undertaking to "utterly renounce refuse relinquish or forsake the Bishop of Rome and his authority power and jurisdiction."

In 1544, however, it had been discovered that in these oaths of allegiance and supremacy, though they seem to a modern reader pretty stringent and comprehensive, "there

lacketh full and sufficient words"; and in the Act further regulating the succession to the Crown (35 H. VIII. c. 1) occasion was taken to provide a new consolidated form to replace the two previously appointed oaths. This is very full and elaborate; some of its language survived down to our own times, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"I A. B. having now the veil of darkness of the usurped power authority and jurisdiction of the see and Bishop of Rome clearly taken away from mine eyes, do utterly testify and declare in my conscience that neither the see nor the Bishop of Rome nor any foreign Potestate hath nor ought to have any jurisdiction power or authority within this realm neither by God's law nor by any other just law or means . . . and that I shall never consent nor agree that the foresaid see or Bishop of Rome, or any of their successors, shall practise exercise or have any manner of authority jurisdiction or power within this realm or any other the King's realms or dominions, nor any foreign Potestate of what estate degree or condition soever he be, but that I shall resist the same at all times to the uttermost of my power, and that I shall bear faith truth and true allegiance to the King's Majesty and to his heirs and successors . . . and that I shall accept repute and take the King's Majesty, his heirs and successors when they or any of them shall enjoy his place, to be the only supreme head in earth under God of the church of England and Ireland, and of all other his Highness' dominions" . . .

Refusal to take the oath is, as before, to subject the recusant to the penalties of high treason. Apparently this Act remained in force till Mary's accession in 1553: one of the first proceedings of her reign was to abolish all statutory treasons not within the statute of Edward III. by which the offence of high treason was and still is defined (1 Mar. st. 1, c. 1). Thus the penalty for not taking the oath of allegiance and supremacy was abrogated, and the oath of course became a dead letter, though not dealt with in express terms. Nor was it revived in the same form when the Reformation again got the upper hand with

the accession of Elizabeth. The first Act of Parliament of her reign¹—which, in repealing the reactionary legislation of Philip and Mary, names "Queen Mary, your Highness' sister," with a significant absence of honourable additions—created a new and much more concise oath of supremacy and allegiance, to be made by all ecclesiastical officers and ministers, and all temporal officers of the Crown, and also by all persons taking orders or university degrees. It is short enough to be cited in full:—

"I A. B. do utterly testify and declare in my conscience that the Queen's Highness is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other her Highness dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal, and that no foreign prince person prelate state or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction power superiority pre-eminence or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm, and therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all foreign jurisdictions powers superiorities and authorities, and do promise that from henceforth I shall bear faith and true allegiance to the Queen's Highness her heirs and lawful successors and to my power shall assist and defend all jurisdictions pre-eminences privileges and authorities granted or belonging to the Queen's Highness her heirs and successors, or united or annexed to the imperial crown of this realm: So help me God and by [sic] the contents of this Book."

The oath was not imposed on all subjects, and the only penalty for refusing it was forfeiture of the office in respect of which it ought to be taken. So far this presents a very favourable contrast to the violent legislation of Henry VIII. Under the Act of Elizabeth the sanction is the mildest one compatible with the law being effectual; indeed it is not properly a penalty, but a condition. The law no longer says to all sorts of men, "You must take this oath or be

¹ 1 Eliz. c. 1. In the argument in *Miller v. Salomons*, in the Exchequer (7 Ex. at p. 478), it was erroneously stated to be the first statute on the subject.

punished as a traitor," but only to men receiving office or promotion, "You must take this oath to qualify yourself for holding the place." But troubles were not long in gathering, and they bore their natural fruit in a return to disused severities. A new and more stringent anti-papal Act was passed in 1563 (5 Eliz. c. 1), and it seems that even sharper measures had been at first proposed. The obligation to take the oath of supremacy was extended to all persons taking orders and degrees, schoolmasters, barristers, attorneys, and officers of all courts. A first refusal to take the oath was to entail the penalties of *premunire*, a second those of high treason. Temporal peers were specially exempted, "forasmuch as the Queen's Majesty is otherwise sufficiently assured of the faith and loyalty of the temporal lords of her Highness' Court of Parliament." So matters stood till, early in the reign of James I., yet a new outbreak of indignation and panic was produced by the Gunpowder Plot. The Protestant majority was convinced by "that more than barbarous and horrible attempt to have blownen up with gunpowder the King Queen Prince Lords and Commons in the House of Parliament assembled, tending to the utter subversion of the whole State," that Popish recusants and occasionally conforming Papists should be more sharply looked after. Hence the "Act for the better discovering and repressing of Popish Recusants" (3 Jac. I. c. 4), which established, among other precautions, a wordy oath of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, which might be tendered by justices of assize or of the peace to any commoner above the age of eighteen; persons refusing it were to incur the penalties of *premunire*. This oath contains an explicit denial of the Pope's authority to depose the King or discharge subjects of their allegiance, a promise to bear allegiance to the Crown notwithstanding any Papal sentence of excommunication or deprivation, and a disclaimer of all

equivocation or mental evasion or reservation. About the middle of it occurs for the first time the "damnable doctrine and position" clause, as we may call it, which was long afterwards continued in the interests of the Protestant succession against James II. and the Pretender. The words are these: "And I do further swear that I do from my heart abhor detest and abjure as impious and heretical this damnable doctrine and position, that princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whosoever." Here also we find the words, afterwards discussed in relation to the admission of Jews to Parliament, "upon the true faith of a Christian." They cannot have been particularly intended to exclude Jews from office, as Jews were at that time excluded from the realm altogether. It has been plausibly conjectured that their real intention was to clinch the proviso against mental reservation or equivocation "by conclusively fixing a sense to that oath which by no evasion or mental reservation should be got rid of without (even in the opinion of the Jesuit doctors themselves) incurring the penalty of mortal sin." For in a certain Treatise on Equivocation, of which a copy corrected in Garnet's handwriting was found in the chamber of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators named in the Act, and was much used on the trial, this point of mental reservation is fully discussed: and it is laid down that equivocation and reservation may be used without danger to the soul even if they are expressly disclaimed in the form of the oath itself. But there is this exception, that "no person is allowed to equivocate or mentally reserve, without danger, if he does so, of incurring mortal sin, where his doing so brings apparently his true faith towards God into doubt or dispute." It was probably conceived by the advisers of the Crown that the words "upon the true faith of a Christian" brought the statutory form of oath

within this exception.¹ A few years later, in the session of 1610, a sort of confirming Act was passed (7 Jac. I. c. 6), which made minute provision as to the places where, and the officers by whom, the oath should be administered to various classes of persons.

Shortly after the Restoration an oath declaring it unlawful upon any pretence whatever to take arms against the King was imposed on all soldiers and persons holding military office (14 Car. II. c. 3, ss. 17, 18); and the Act of Uniformity (14 Car. II. c. 4, s. 6) contained a declaration to the like effect, and also against the Solemn League and Covenant. A similar provision in the Corporation Act was overlooked at the Revolution, and escaped repeal till the reign of George I. In 1672 a revival of anti-Catholic agitation followed upon Charles II.'s attempts to dispense with the existing statutes, nominally in favour of Romanists and Dissenters equally, by a declaration of liberty of conscience. The result was that a declaration against transubstantiation was added to the oaths of allegiance and supremacy by a new penal statute entitled "An Act for preventing dangers which may happen from Popish Recusants" (25 Car. II. c. 2).

After the Revolution of 1688, a new start was taken. By the combined effect of two of the earliest Acts of the Convention Parliament, (1 W. & M. c. 1 and c. 8), all the previous forms of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, expressly including the declaration as to taking arms against the King, were abrogated, and a concise form substituted, which stood as follows:—

"I A. B. do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. So help me God, &c."

"I A. B. do swear that I do from my

¹ Judgment of Baron Alderson in *Miller v. Salomons*, 7 Ex. 536, 537.

² The "&c." means, I suppose, "and the contents of this book."

heart abhor detest and abjure as impious and heretical that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deposed by the Pope or any authority of the See of Rome may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever.

"And I do declare that no foreign prince person prelate state or potentate hath or ought to have any jurisdiction power superiority pre-eminence or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual within this realm. So help me God, &c."

In 1701 came the death of James II., at St. Germain's, and the ostentatious recognition of the Pretender as King of England by Lewis XIV. Fuller and more stringent precautions were again thought needful, and in the very last days of William III.'s life an Act was passed (13 & 14 Wm. III. c. 6), imposing on specified classes of persons, including peers, members of the House of Commons, and all holding office under the Crown, an oath of special and particular abjuration of the Pretender's title. The declaration of 1672 against transubstantiation (which had been spared from the general abrogation of other existing tests at the beginning of the reign) was at the same time expressly continued. As the form settled by this Act remained substantially unchanged down to our own time, it is here set out:—

"I A. B. do truly and sincerely acknowledge profess testify and declare in my conscience before God and the world that our sovereign lord King William is lawful and rightful king of this realm and of all other his Majesty's dominions and countries thereunto belonging. And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience that the person pretended to be the Prince of Wales during the life of the late King James and since his decease pretending to be and taking upon himself the stile and title of King of England by the name of James the Third hath not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm or any other the dominions thereto belonging. And I do renounce refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him. And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to his Majesty

King William and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his person crown or dignity. And I will do my best endeavours to disclose and make known to his Majesty and his successors all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know to be against him or any of them. And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support maintain and defend the limitation and succession of the crown against him the said James and all other persons whatsoever as the same is and stands limited (by an Act intitled An Act declaring the rights and liberties of the subject and settling the succession of the crown) to his Majesty during his Majesties life and after his Majesties decease to the Princess Ann of Denmark and the heirs of her body being Protestants and for default of issue of the said Princess and of his Majesty respectively to the Princess Sophia Electress and Dutchess Dowager of Hanover and the heirs of her body being Protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear according to these express words by me spoken and according to the plain and common sense and understanding of the same words without any equivocation mental evasion or secret reservation whatsoever. And I do make this recognition acknowledgment abjuration renunciation and promise heartily willingly and truly upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God."

This oath was in addition to the oaths of allegiance and supremacy prescribed by the Acts already mentioned of the first session of William and Mary's reign, not by way of substitution for them. It will be observed that the words "upon the true faith of a Christian" now re-appear. In Queen Anne's reign the only alterations made were first to put Anne's name for William's, and then to leave a blank to be filled in with the name of the sovereign for the time being.¹ The accession of George I. in 1714 gave occasion for a full re-enactment of the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, in what would now be

called a consolidating Act (1 Geo. I. st. 2, c. 13). All persons holding civil or military office, members of foundations at the universities, schoolmasters, "preachers and teachers of separate congregations," and legal practitioners, were required to take the oaths; besides which they might be tendered by two justices of the peace to any one suspected of disaffection. Members of both Houses of Parliament are, as before, specially forbidden to vote without taking the oaths. The form was settled by inserting the name of George in the blank left by the last statute of Anne, but no provision was made in terms for substituting from time to time the name of the reigning sovereign. In 1766, upon the Pretender's death, the oath of abjuration was made appropriate to the new state of things by inserting the words "not any of the descendants of the person who pretended to be Prince of Wales," &c.

In this form the oaths remained for nearly a century, affected only by a certain number of special exemptions. The most important of these was made by the Catholic Emancipation of 1829. The Act which effected this (10 Geo. IV. c. 7) allowed Roman Catholics to sit in Parliament, taking instead of the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration a single modified oath containing the substance of them expressed in a milder form. The Catholic member was required, instead of detesting and abhorring the "damnable doctrine and position," to "renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion" that excommunicated princes might be deposed or murdered; and to disclaim the belief that the Pope of Rome or any other foreign prince had or ought to have any *temporal or civil* jurisdiction, &c., within this realm. The words "upon the true faith of a Christian" were for some reason omitted, and the oath concluded thus: "And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and

¹ 1 Ann. c. 16, 4 & 5 Ann. c. 20; and as to Scotland, 6 Ann. c. 66 (Statutes of the Realm; c. 14 in other editions).

ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever." This Act contains, for the first time, a standing direction to substitute in the form of the oath, as may be required, the name of the sovereign for the time being.

All this time the penalties of the statute of 1714 against a member of Parliament who voted without having taken the oaths (or in the case of a Catholic the special oath provided by the Catholic Relief Act) continued in force, and very alarming they were. In addition to the pecuniary forfeiture of 500*l.* they included disability to sue in any court, to take a legacy, to hold any office, and to vote at parliamentary elections. Disability to be an executor, which is also in the list, would at this day be regarded by many persons as rather a benefit than otherwise.

The next step was in consequence of the persistent endeavours made through several years to procure the removal of Jewish disabilities. It would be too long to trace the history of this movement through its various stages; and the episode of Mr. Salomons' gallant attempt to take the position by a *coup de main* has now lost its interest for most people except lawyers who have a taste for ingenious argument on the construction and effect of statutes.¹ In 1857 Mr. Salomons, being duly elected for Greenwich, took the oaths on the Old Testament, and omitting the words "upon the true faith of a Christian"; he was sued for the statutory penalty, as having sat without taking the oath; and it was decided (with one dissenting voice, but a weighty one)² that these words

¹ One of the minor points taken by Mr. Salomons' counsel was that, as the Act of George III. did not authorise the insertion from time to time of the reigning sovereign's name, it expired at the end of the reign, or, at all events, when there ceased to be a king named George.

² Sir Samuel Martin's, then a Baron of the Exchequer, and now the only survivor, as it happens, of the judges before whom the case was argued.

were a material part of the oath, and could not be dispensed with otherwise than by legislation. At last, in 1858, a very odd and peculiarly English compromise was arrived at after the House of Lords had repeatedly rejected bills sent up from the Commons. By one Act (21 & 22 Vict. c. 48) a simplified form of oath, but still containing the words "upon the true faith of a Christian," was substituted for the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration in all cases where they were required to be taken: the application of this enactment to clerical subscriptions was soon afterwards more specially regulated by the Clerical Subscription Act, 1865 (28 & 29 Vict. c. 122).³

By a separate Act (21 & 22 Vict. c. 49) either House of Parliament was empowered to permit by resolution "a person professing the Jewish religion, otherwise entitled to sit and vote in such House," to take the oath with the omission of the words, "and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian." It was also provided that in all other cases where the oath of allegiance was required to be taken by a Jew these words might be omitted. Such an exemption had once already been given by Parliament in the eighteenth century, but, after the fashion of legislation in those days, only on a special occasion and for a limited purpose; and more recently to enable Jews to hold municipal offices. The Act of 1858, being general in its terms, is a full statutory recognition of the civil equality of Jews with other British subjects, which, though long allowed in practice, had never yet been expressly declared. Yet another Act was needed two years afterwards (23 & 24 Vict. c. 63) to enable the House of Commons to provide for Jewish members once for all by making the resolution a standing order.

³ The oaths of allegiance, &c., were imposed on the clergy by Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity and various other statutes. The taking of them was part of the Ordination Service until separated from it by this Act.

At length in 1866 we come out into the daylight of modern systematic legislation. The Parliamentary Oaths Act of that year (29 Vict. c. 19) swept away the former legislation relating to the oaths of members of Parliament, and prescribed the following shortened form:—

"I A. B. do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria; and I do faithfully promise to maintain and support the succession to the Crown, as the same stands limited and settled by virtue of the Act passed in the reign of King William the Third, intituled 'An Act for the further limitation¹ of the Crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' and of the subsequent Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland. So help me God."

For not taking the oaths only the pecuniary penalty of 500*l.* was retained out of the terrible list enacted by earlier statutes. This Act was excellent as far as it went, but it applied only to members of Parliament. It is the fate of English legislation to be carried on as best it can, piecemeal and at odd times. Measures which excite opposition pass through a struggle in which they are lucky if they escape without main or grave disfigurement. As to those which do not excite opposition, it is for that very reason of no apparent political importance to push them on, and, as it is worth nobody's while to be much interested in them, they have to take their chance. In this case an Act of the following year (The Office and Oath Act, 1867, 30 & 31 Vict. c. 75) authorised the new parliamentary form of oath to be taken in all cases where the oath of allegiance was required as a qualification for office. Finally the Promissory Oaths Act of

1868 (31 & 32 Vict. c. 72) cut down the oath of allegiance in all cases to the form already given at the beginning of this article, and substituted a declaration for an oath in the great majority of cases where an oath was formerly required. Still the work of simplification was not formally complete. A repealing Act was passed in 1871 (34 & 35 Vict. c. 48), which struck off the statute-book a long list of enactments imposing oaths for various purposes on various persons, and others partially amending or repealing them, from the middle of the fourteenth century downwards. And so the story ends for the present: we no longer stand in fear of Pope or Pretender, and the modern oath of allegiance, devised for the protection of the realm against imminent civil war and conspiracy, and swollen with strange imprecations and scoldings, is brought back to the more plain and seemly fashion of the ancient oath of fealty. Yet our ancestors were not capricious in the elaborate safeguards which they built up again and again round a ceremony originally of the simplest. Every clause and almost every word in the statutory oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration was directed against a distinct and specific political danger. It is unhappily true that examples of repressive legislation against mere speculative opinions, though less common in England than elsewhere, are by no means wanting. But the political test oaths do not belong to this class. They were framed to discover and bring to punishment, or to disable and exclude from privileges, not the holders of theological opinions as such, but persons holding opinions of which, rightly or wrongly, disloyal and seditious behaviour was supposed to be the necessary or highly probable result.

F. POLLOCK.

¹ It may be worth while to explain to lay readers that this does not mean limiting the powers of the Crown, but defining the course of the succession.